

HEY DUMMIES! TEST DRIVE THIS ISSUE OF...

IND MAD

No.
313

September
1992

Our
Price
\$1.75
Cheap!



¡HOLA AMIGOS!

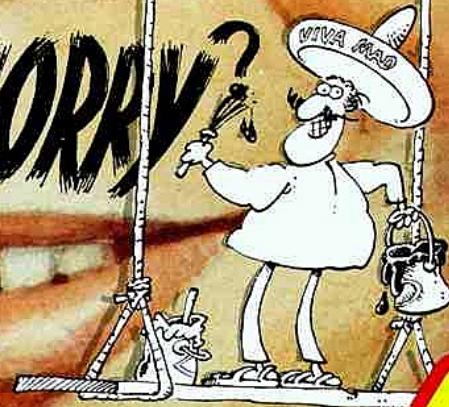
Presente El Mucho Grande
SUPERIOR ESPECIAL

November 1992
\$3.50 Cheap!

MAD IND.
S U P E R S P E C I A L

¡MUCHO
LAUGHS!

WHAT ME WORRY?



96

Pages of
Collected
Goofery!

17

including
Pages of
SERGIO ARAGONES
Foolery!

24

Pages of
ADVERTISING
Spoofery!

¡MUCHO
CHEAPO!

¡¡¡ON SALÉ EL NOW!!!

MAD

"The same parent who tells you it's time to find yourself will also tell you to get lost!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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FREDDIE MALONEY subscriptions
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS the usual gang of idiots

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FRONT COVER ARTIST: RICHARD WILLIAMS

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CANDIDATES
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AN EXCITING NEW SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

EXCLUSIVELY FOR READERS OF MAD MAGAZINE!

An extraordinary opportunity to own the official MAD Pin Collection!



A Brief History of the MAD Pin Collection

In late 1990, MAD publisher William Mildred Furnsworth Higginbottom Pious Gaines IX decreed that there should be an official MAD Pin Collection and ordered that famous artisans from around the world be contacted to see who would work the cheapest to create these objects of art!

Unique in all of jewelry-making history, we broke the mold before we cast these pins!

Each official MAD Pin is precision crafted by machines that are turned On and Off by hand!

Each Pin is cast in Space-Age Alloys—the same Alloys used to make NASA space shuttle souvenir pins sold by guys hanging around Cape Canaveral!

The Official MAD Pin Collection smells like jewelry that costs thousands of dollars and can be mistaken for real gold at distances over 500 meters (though at shorter distances they may be mistaken for a lot of other things!)

These Pins will not be sold in any store—we know, we tried getting any store we could find to sell them and nobody would touch them!

Due to the special nature of this offer, the number of Official MAD Pins commissioned shall never exceed the demand! (In the event of a tie, all production will cease! That's our commitment to quality!)

These are the very same Pins that will be offered by us again and again and again in future issues of MAD Magazine!

An important Reminder! Each Official MAD Pin is so valuable it will be personally delivered to your home by an official United States Government Employee, dressed like a mailman!

This offer is neither endorsed nor in any way connected to the Franklin Mint, Benjamin Franklin, Joe Franklin or Franklin Delano Roosevelt!

LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPT.



"THE ADNAUSEAM FAMILY"

In MAD #311 when you tagged on *The Addams Family*, you neglected to check the spelling! On page four, Raul Julia says "Im Gonads," but in the next panel, Anjelica Huston says "Im Gonad's wife! Gonad and I..." So you stupidly changed his name from "Gonads" to "Gonad"! Duuuuuh!

Saul Friedman
Phoenix, AZ

Oops! We really dropped the ball on that one! But hey, there's no need to get testy!—Ed.

DISGUISE IN LOVE

Thanks to the Alfred E. Neuman Disguise Kit, my lovely wife and I transformed ourselves into your March, 1959 cover! Notice the attention to detail in the enclosed photo. We even won a prize for best costume!

John and Christine Hett
Dearborn, MI



How To Get Your MAD Pin Collection FREE:

485 MADison Avenue



New York, New York 10022

I enclose \$53.75 for a 40-Issue Subscription.
I'll save \$16.25 off newsstand price and get all three
MAD Pins shown above absolutely free!

I enclose \$33.75 for a 24-Issue Subscription.
I'll save \$8.25 off newsstand price and get the official
MAD Logo Pin absolutely free!

I enclose \$13.75 for an 8-Issue Subscription.
I'll save a paltry 25¢ off newsstand price and get to
look at someone else's MAD Pins because you won't
send me any!

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name and address to anyone for any reason!

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----- USE COUPON OR DUPLICATE -----

Hmmm. We haven't seen such a cute couple since George Bush and Jennifer with a "J"!—Ed.

ENVELOPES OF THE MONTH—
SPECIAL INTERNATIONAL EDITION



Buenos nachos! Now, envelopes of the month are pouring in from all over the world! On one side is Nikos Papoutsas's sword-brandishing Alfred direct from Athens, Greece! On the other side is Boaz Shacham's totally Shamir-rific envelope from Rishon-Lezion, Israel! We can't wait to see what comes in from Azerbaijan and Uzbekistan! *Hasta La Vista, Baby!*



KUWAIT AND SEE

I'm a soldier stationed in Kuwait. Not only are we interested in improving relations with our Kuwaiti counterparts, we also intend to leave a positive impression on their minds. So, we introduced them to MAD #309! The soldier from the Kuwaiti Army liked it very much, then he looked at us weird! MAD is something we miss over here, but don't worry—we are getting our tank gunner some glasses!

Sgt. Mark Harper
U.S. Army, Kuwait

Sarge—We're sorry to tell you this, but while you and your armed buddies were chuckling over MAD, your entire battalion hopped a troop transport bound for Fort Dix! Guess you'll be spending lots of time ducking wayward Scuds at the Hawalli Hilton!—Ed.



Left to right: Spc. Timothy Drake, Ahmed Muhammed Raziq, and Sgt. Mark Harper.

MORON MAIL

I will be writing to you once a year.

Charles Jerzak
Canby, MN

Chucko—And we will be printing a letter from you once in your lifetime!—Ed.

MAD JACKPOTRZEBIE!

Once again, "MAD Jackpotrziebie" rears its ugly head! If the number printed on the upper right-hand corner of the cover of your copy of MAD Collector's Series #4 matches one of the randomly selected numbers printed below, you win a free one-year subscription to MAD! To claim your prize, send the original cover (no photocopies) to: MAD Winner's Circle, 485 MADison Ave., New York, NY 10022. All prize claims subject to verification. Void in any state where prohibited by law. If you're a relative of William Gaines, we're very, very, VERY sorry, but you still can't enter!

Here are the MAD Collector's Series #4
Winning Numbers!

0,017,012	0,227,914	0,472,685	0,674,571
0,035,509	0,241,886	0,487,505	0,683,227
0,072,059	0,273,752	0,508,158	0,686,110
0,074,268	0,293,611	0,524,313	0,693,347
0,122,051	0,305,461	0,529,994	0,695,534
0,163,019	0,325,043	0,538,899	0,845,892
0,178,887	0,335,060	0,539,121	0,863,663
0,180,298	0,339,849	0,555,183	0,885,130
0,184,951	0,342,221	0,618,718	0,900,453
0,187,817	0,363,491	0,628,697	0,900,837
0,210,489	0,410,036	0,654,996	0,946,807
0,224,294	0,438,058	0,664,416	0,963,362
1,001,038		1,293,401	

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MAD, Dept. 313, 485 MADison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-perplexed, stamped envelope!

RECIPE FOR FAILURE

1. Take some Mixed Nuts
2. Add several pounds of Politicians, TV Shows and Movies
3. Mix in a Spoonful of Satire
4. Toss in a Pinch of Sarcasm
5. Mince some Words
6. Beat it to Death and Half-Bake for 192 pages...

VOILÀ!



You Won't Find a Batter Buy!

ON STALE NOW!

There's nothing worse than a sadistic baby sitter! Wait, there is something worse—a sadistic baby sitter who overacts! Yes, we're talking about...

THE HAM

I'm Clear Barbell, your typical housewife in your typical American family, complete with a little house, dog, computer, and 1.7 children! But I've got to get to a doctor soon—our .7 child is about to reach 1.0 any second!

I'm Nyquil, a typical American husband! My ex-girlfriend Martinet and a college girl we use as a baby sitter are always trying to seduce me, but I resist them! Hey, maybe I'm not the typical American husband after all!

I'm Empathy Barbell, the typical daughter! My parents give me love and attention, treat me with respect, and pamper me with everything I want! I only have one nagging, typical 90's question—namely, what's in it for them?

I'm Pagan, the nanny! I'm a bit neurotic, a bit psychotic, and generally disturbed in an endearing, sadistic way! In other words, I'm also your typical person roaming the city streets today!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

I'm Doctor Mottly!
Good to see you,
Mrs. Barbell!
Now, will you
please undress?
And do it very,
very slowly!

You're not
going to
stand there
and watch
me, are you
doctor?

Don't be ridiculous!
I'll be keeping
myself busy with
lighting candles,
putting on soft
music, and pouring
us some champagne!

Nyquil, Dr. Mottly took
advantage of me during
my prenatal examination
this afternoon! I was so
upset I had one of my
dramatic asthma attacks!

Yes! I've never heard of an exam
where the doctor took Polaroid
pictures to show his friends!
And when it was over, he just
sat there and lit up a cigarette!

Are you sure?

Hmm, you may be right! Doctors
should know better than to smoke!



THATEROBS THE CRADLE



I'm Sullen, a handyman from the County Home for the Intellectually Incompetent! Some people say my I.Q. and shoe size are the same, but I don't mind—I wear a big shoe! With my intelligence level, I'm not suited for thinking jobs! If I'm lucky, maybe I'll be selected as Vice President, like my old roomie Dan Quayle!

Excuse me, sir, do you have someone who'd be interested in mowing my front lawn in exchange for a hot meal?

In today's economy? Sure! You can choose from one of the thousands of unemployed auto or steel workers! Or if you'd like someone in a pin stripe suit to mow your lawn, I have plenty of out-of-work Wall Street brokers at your disposal!

HANDYMAN
TOOL KIT
County Prop.

LEND
A
HAND
co.

DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

...and after Clear Barbell filed her complaint against Dr Mottly, four other women have come forward and claimed they too were sexually molested by the sleazy doctor! Commenting on the case, Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas said he believed the women were all just petty troublemakers to begin with!

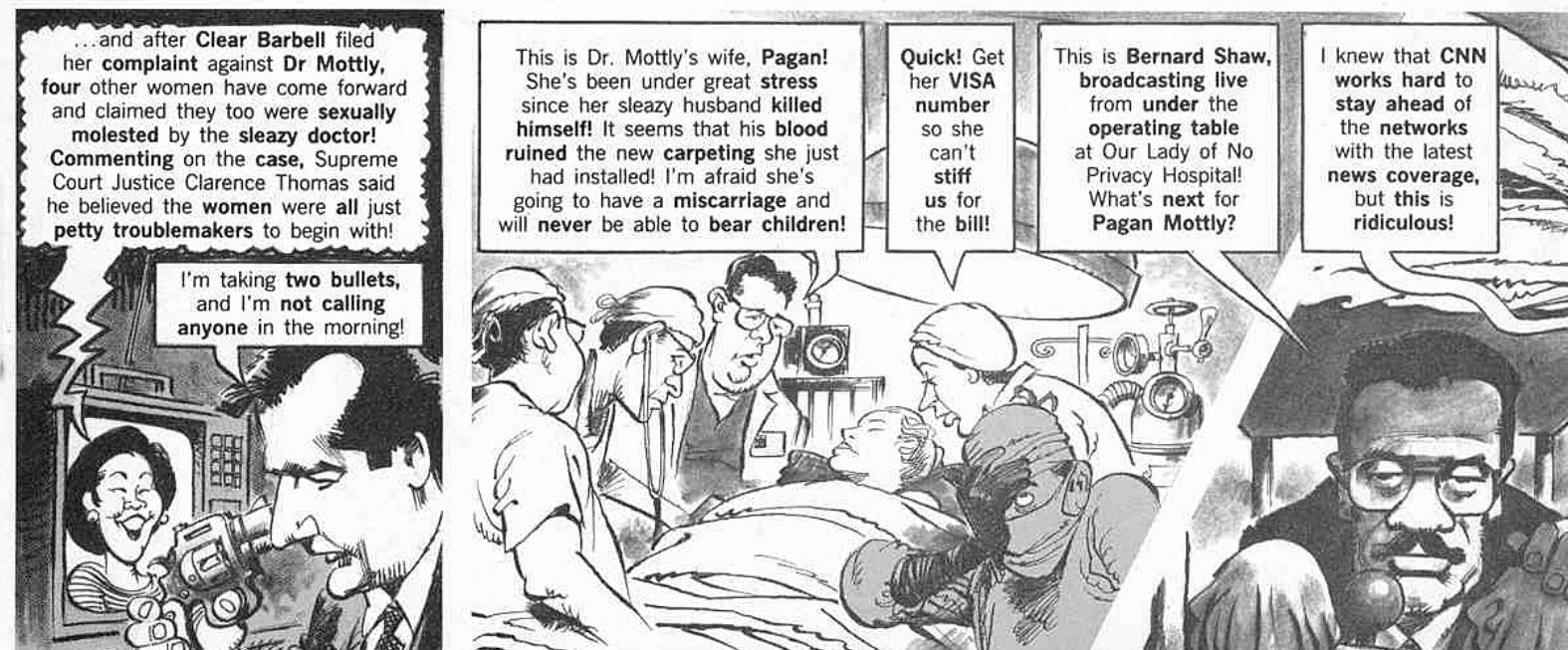
I'm taking two bullets, and I'm not calling anyone in the morning!

This is Dr. Mottly's wife, Pagan! She's been under great stress since her sleazy husband killed himself! It seems that his blood ruined the new carpeting she just had installed! I'm afraid she's going to have a miscarriage and will never be able to bear children!

Quick! Get her VISA number so she can't stiff us for the bill!

This is Bernard Shaw, broadcasting live from under the operating table at Our Lady of No Privacy Hospital! What's next for Pagan Mottly?

I knew that CNN works hard to stay ahead of the networks with the latest news coverage, but this is ridiculous!



Mrs. Mottly, we're sorry you lost your baby, and we have more bad news! It's unlikely there will be any assets from your late husband's estate because of the lawsuits filed by some of his mistreated patients! We suggest you make alternate plans!

Make alternate plans? Like what, may I ask?

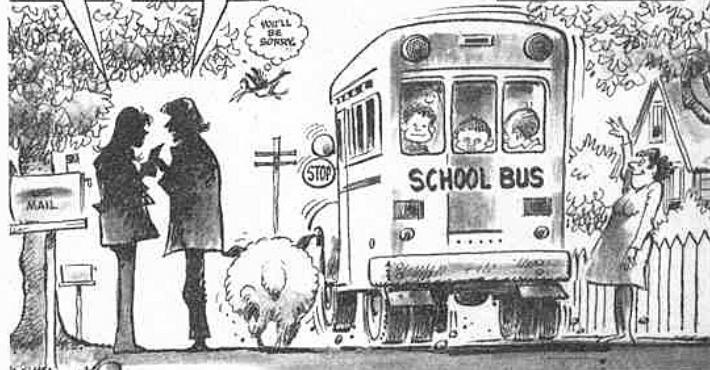
Like revenge! What else? Why not go after that first woman who turned your husband in? You could steal her husband and baby and at least recoup some of your losses!

I heard that you're looking to hire a nanny! I'll take the job!

I wouldn't just hire a nanny for my family without references!

I have lots of references! Here's one from Hannibal Lecter, another from Freddy Krueger...

Wow! I've heard of those people! They're famous! I'm impressed! Come to dinner and I'll ask my husband Nyquil about hiring you!



Mrs. Barbell, is the fence I'm building supposed to keep people in—or keep people out?

Neither! It's to impale people on, but you don't have to worry about that for at least three more pages!

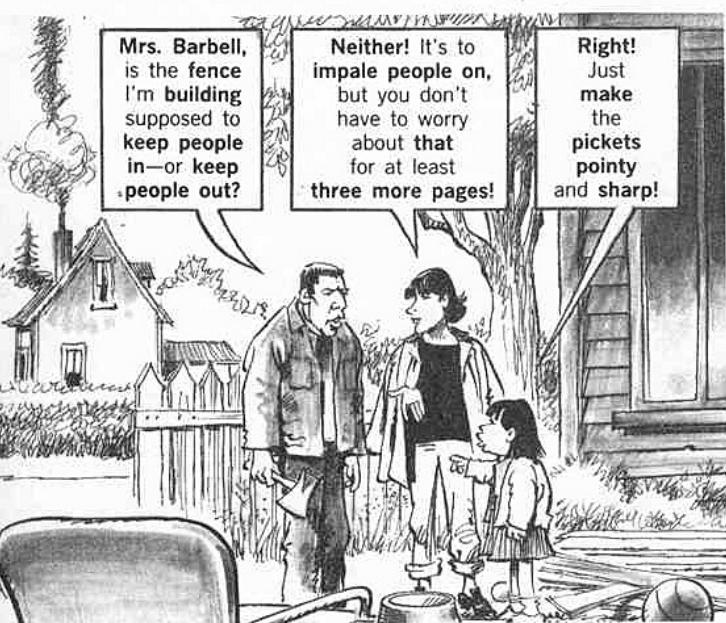
Right! Just make the pickets pointy and sharp!

Look here! Your baby almost swallowed this earring!

I was just about to check on the baby myself!

And he almost swallowed this butcher knife and this salad fork and these salt and pepper shakers...

Okay! Okay! We get the picture! You're hired!



"Once upon a time there was a rotten, stinking, mother... very much like yours, "...who secretly hated her daughter..." who, oddly enough, looked exactly like you! "This rotten, sleazy mother sent her daughter away to suffer, without any clothes or food or money!"

This is just a fairy tale, right, Pagan?

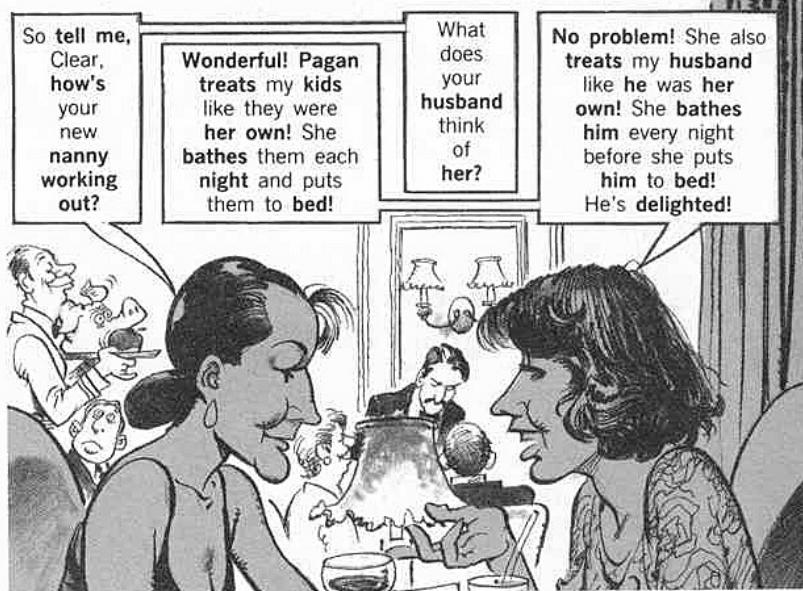
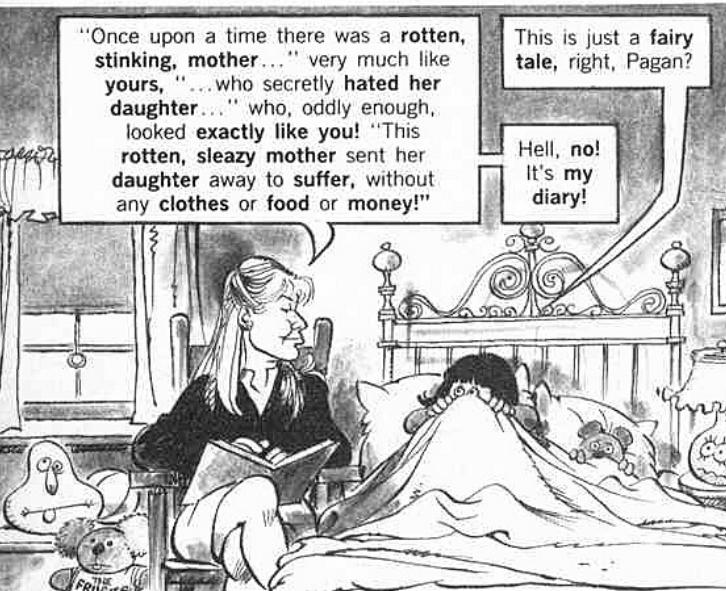
Hell, no! It's my diary!

So tell me, Clear, how's your new nanny working out?

Wonderful! Pagan treats my kids like they were her own! She bathes them each night and puts them to bed!

What does your husband think of her?

No problem! She also treats my husband like he was her own! She bathes him every night before she puts him to bed! He's delighted!



I hear you're roughing up Empathy, you little bully! Well, I'll show you a thing or two! Here's a slap across the face, followed by an uppercut to the belly, and then a twist of arm to finish with style and grace!

Stop! You're hurting me! Let me go! I promise, I'll never rough her up again!

Idiot! I don't care that you rough her up! You're just not doing it with panache! Roughing up someone is an art form! Now keep practicing what I've taught you until you get it right!

Sullen, I know you saw me breast-feeding Clear's baby! If you ever tell anyone, I'll make up ugly, horrible stories about you!

Like what? Like, you're a union contractor who does very good work, does it fast, and charges fair prices!

No! That'll finish me with the trade unions! Okay, you win, Pagan! I won't tell a soul!



Pagan, where's Clear?

I don't know, but don't look for her in the greenhouse or you'll be sorry!

I'm onto your tricks, Pagan! By telling me **not** to go into the greenhouse, you want me to think that's where I **should** go! So I **won't** do it!

You're right! I want you to go so that the glass I rigged up to fall will **cut you up** into a **million pieces**! It's my own, personal "greenhouse effect"!

Aha! Now you're contradicting yourself, which means by **not going** I will be doing what you **want** me to do, so I **will** go!

Hey, Pete! There's a **dead lady** in the **greenhouse**!

Don't tell me—glass fell on her and she's cut up into a million pieces!

No! She died of **confusion**! There's a lot of **fatal second guessing** going on around here!

Pagan...gasp... you fiend! What...gasp... made you think...gasp... that you could...gasp... take over my family?

'Cause anything you can do, I can do better! I can cook better, I can raise kids better, hell—I can even breathe better than you! Your asthma attacks must drive Nyquil crazy!

Clear has asthma? I thought her **heavy breathing** meant she was a **hot, passionate woman**!

Nyquil, what on earth happened? Did Pagan do this to you?

Yes! First she stopped the baby from swallowing this shovel, then she used it on me!

I've got to stop her before she hurts **someone important** around here! Which way did she go?

Upstairs! But be **careful**, 'cause Pagan's got a knife! And she's seen "Fatal Attraction" a dozen times, so be ready for a finale you've seen done a lot better before!

Sullen, you came back!

What happened to Pagan?

Yes, and just in time! I saved your children!

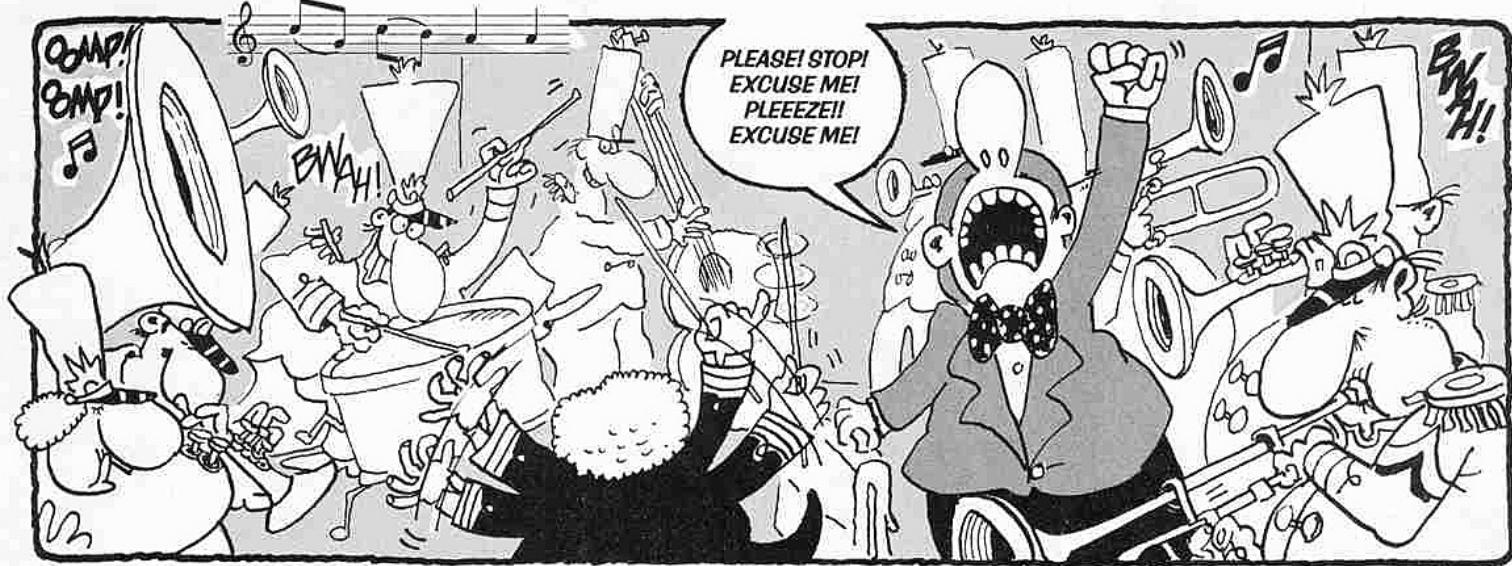
She fell through that new window I installed yesterday! I guess chewing gum isn't the best way to hold those things in place!

After this **horrible adventure**, Nyquil, I think you and I should **go away** on a well deserved **vacation** to a place like "Cape Fear"!

Great! But who can we get to **baby-sit** with the kids?

I don't think we should **get anyone**! They'll be **safer** if they're just left **HOME ALONE**!!!

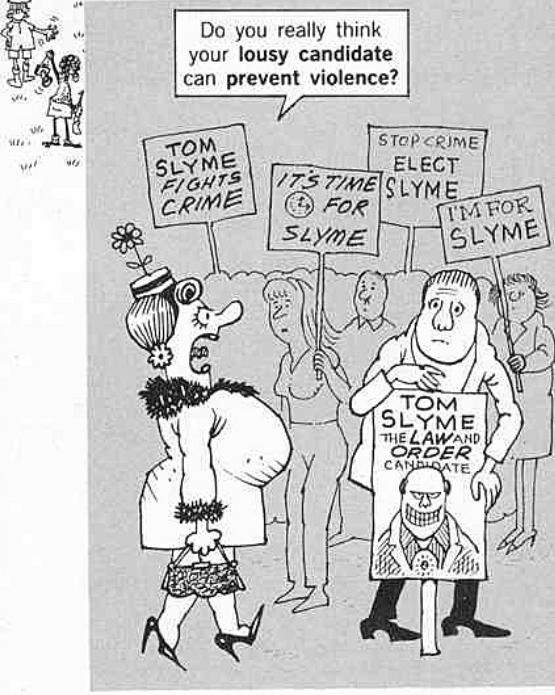
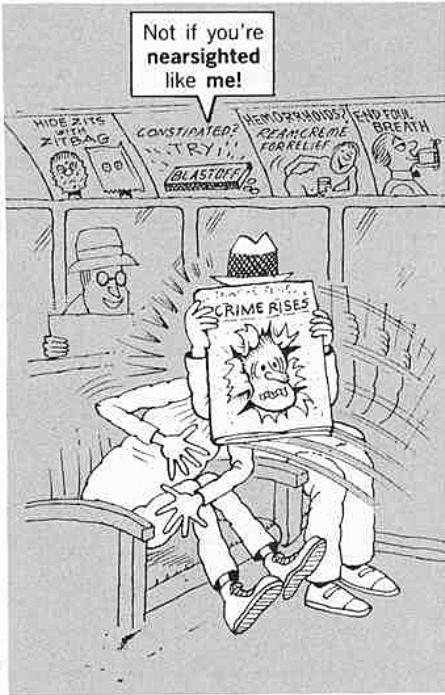
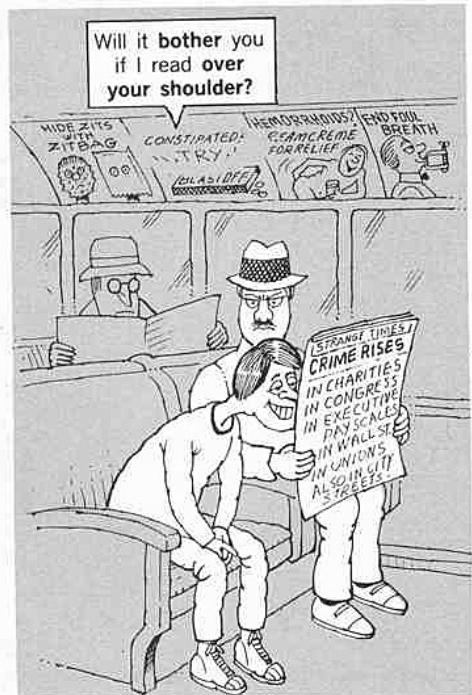
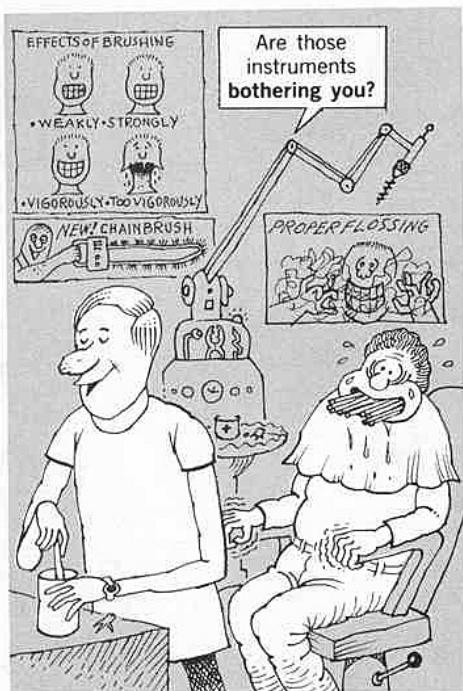
The Outrageous Orchestral Offense



ALL JAFFEE DEPT.

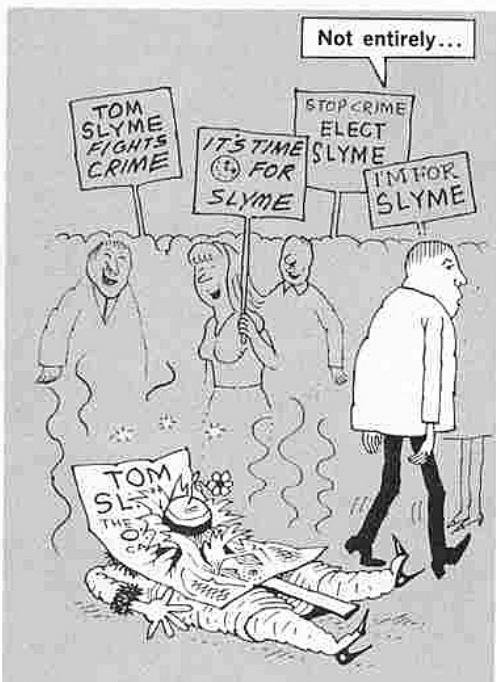
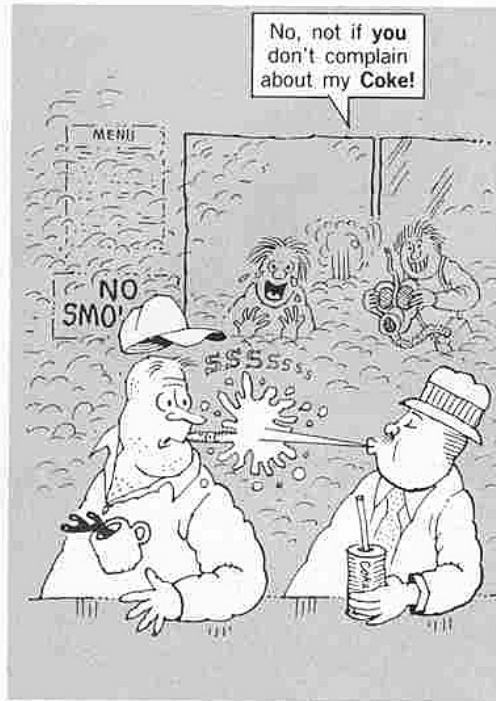
When the first nomadic fish shook off the primordial ooze, stepped onto dry land, and asked itself, "Why am I here?", the Stupid Question was born. Since then, things have only gotten worse! Despite MAD's constant crusade to embarrass Stupid Questioners out of existence by arming the general public with Snappy Answers, the scourge persists. The time for rational discussion is past; the time for action is at hand! So here's...

SNAPPY STUPID



ACTIONS to QUESTIONS

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE



Hollywood has long been famous for its great pairings: Hepburn and Costello, Martin and

MAD DOUBLE

DIRTY DANCES WITH WOLVES

Jennifer Grey cavorts with a friendly wolf in the wooded areas surrounding a Catskill Mountain resort built on land stolen from the Indians. With the help of Cavalry man Kevin Costner, she and

the wolf convince an entire tribe of Jewish vacationers to put Patrick Swayze on trial for treason. This is all played against the backdrop of resort owner Jack Weston tangoing with a coyote.



FOR THE BOYZ N THE HOOD

Bette Midler and James Caan bring joy to the streets of Los Angeles when they entertain rival gangs. Together they rap and tap their way through fifty years of gang warfare. Catchy, hummable tunes and random shootings make for a movie the entire family can enjoy.



Laurel, Astaire and Chong! It's in this great Hollywood tradition that we now present...

FEATURES

THE SEQUEL

PURPLE RAINMAN

He dances like James Brown, plays guitar like Jimi Hendrix and, in a matter of seconds, he can calculate the number of sequins on a black taffeta evening gown. Tom Cruise teams up with Prince in this sentimental road movie about an autistic rock star, his self-involved car salesman brother and the love that develops between them at the gaming tables of Las Vegas.



ARTIST AND WRITER: TOM HACHTMAN

ROBIN HOOK

Kevin Costner returns home from the Crusades as an amputee swash-buckler with a propensity for turning Lost Boys into Merry Men. Complicating matters is Dustin Hoffman as the evil Sheriff of Nottingham who has kidnapped a prune-sized Maid Marian (played

brilliantly by Julia Roberts). The film builds to the question: Can flying, high-powered attorney Robin Williams collect enough pixie dust to sprinkle on Morgan Freeman and save the day?



PUNCHLINERS

A New Jersey housewife played by Sally Field sneaks out during the day to study medicine and at night joins her classmates (Tom Hanks, Keifer Sutherland and Julia Roberts) in a dangerous experiment at a local comedy club. While attempting to tell jokes they learn what it's like to die on stage. In the film's gripping climax, Sutherland says, "It's a good day to die" and proceeds to go on stage and tell "Knock-Knock" jokes until he's heckled to death.



NEW JACK CITY SLICKERS

This Billy Crystal cocaine comedy deals with the midlife crises of three white buddies who revive their humdrum lives during an eventful week at a Harlem Dude ranch. This misadventure climaxes with a thrilling stampede of crack-crazed cattle down Manhattan's Fifth Avenue.



DO THE RIGHT STUFF

Spike Lee starred in and directed this controversial docudrama dealing with the rarely discussed subject of interracial relations in space. Danny Aiello plays an Italian American NASA crew captain who objects to the loud rap music his crew members are so fond of. When tempers flare, important experiments concerning the preparation of pizza in a weightless environment are put in jeopardy. The movie ends when an enraged Lee throws the Zero Gravity trashcan



14 through the space capsule's window and all the characters are sucked out into the void.



THE SCHMUCK OF THE DRAW DEPT.

In this land of opportunity there are only three ways to hit the financial jackpot without breaking a sweat. But since you will probably never marry Johnny Carson, much less divorce him—and since you will probably never

MAD'S CROSS STATE LOTTERY

ARTIST: TOM BUNK

PETUNIA ODINTZ

Apathy, NM

\$16 Million

Ho Dee Dough
Jackpot



Petunia says she knew having enough kids to play 16 birthdays would eventually pay off!

B.T. TEN EYCK

Cupinluck, MI

\$4 Million

Scratch Your
Fingers Raw
Jackpot



After taxes, the
money B.T. won
should just about
cover all the losses
he suffered by phoning
1-900 lottery tip
lines for the last
15 years!

KNUTE JABLONKA

Wamelsdorf, ID

\$41 Million

Bongo Bingo
winner



Because Knute refused
to give a share of his
winnings to the
7-Eleven guy who sold
him the ticket, his
first expense will be
to steam-clean grape
Slurpee off his suit!

PANCHO PUENTE

Hiyamamad, TX

\$30 Million

Super Casharoonie
Mania
Grand Prize Winner

Pancho's win proves that
the American dream is
not dead—any illegal
alien can come to
these shores under a
poultry truck and go
on to be deported
via stretch limo!



meet Mike Tyson, much less get into a bar fight with him and sue him—your best bet is shooting for lottery riches! Beware, though! The price you pay for all of your new found millions is being lumped in with...

SECTION ONE DRY WINNERS

WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

WOLFGANG LINDENBLATT

Bafaticky, MA

\$15 Million

Mounds O'Moolah

Instant Winner



96-year-old Wolfgang really can't wait around for those 20 annual payoffs, and is willing to sell his ticket to the highest bidder—and fast!

CLEM WESTERVELT

Scuddytown, MN

\$32 Million

Schmucky Bucks

Winner



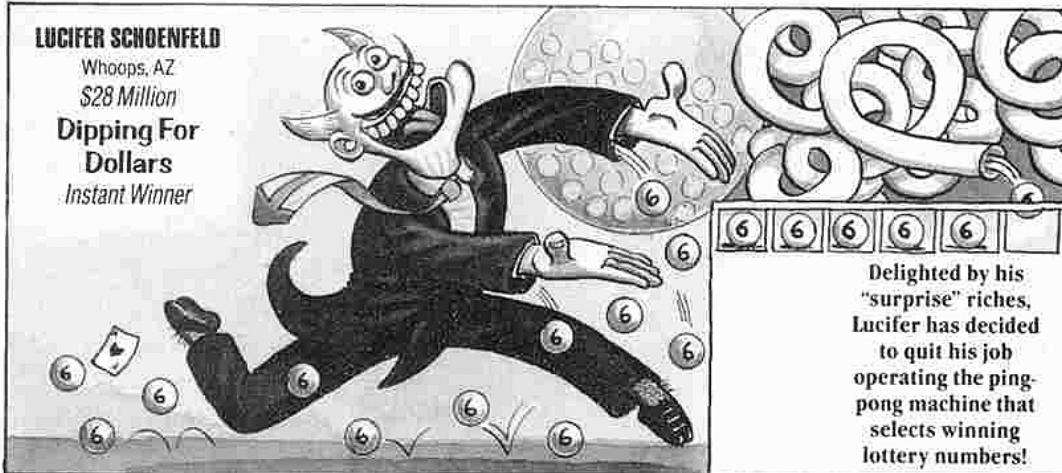
LUCIFER SCHOENFELD

Whoops, AZ

\$28 Million

Dipping For Dollars

Instant Winner



Delighted by his "surprise" riches, Lucifer has decided to quit his job operating the ping-pong machine that selects winning lottery numbers!

Clem is a complete maniac who won by playing his birthday—October 48!

JON AND JUNE VOLQUARSDSEN

St. Hecky, KS

\$25 Million

Buckets O'Bucks

Grand Prize



Because of a dispute over whether or not June asked Jon to buy the winning ticket for her, the real winners of the lottery were the firm of Rosner, Rosner and Schwartz!

CARS

Uh, Dad...the car is being towed to the garage! It has something to do with the electrical system!

Maybe it just needs a new battery?

No, the town's electrical system! I hit a power line pole!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHT

PROGRESS

I tell you, Johnathon, science has taken over our lives! All of our basic needs are totally taken care of by modern technology! We wake up to radio alarms...

...television informs on everything from government to weather to traffic, while thermostats control the temperature of our homes! And as for food...

...that is now the sole province of the telephone!

...and also three egg rolls!

Hurry up, Ma! I want to order pizza!



BREAKING UP



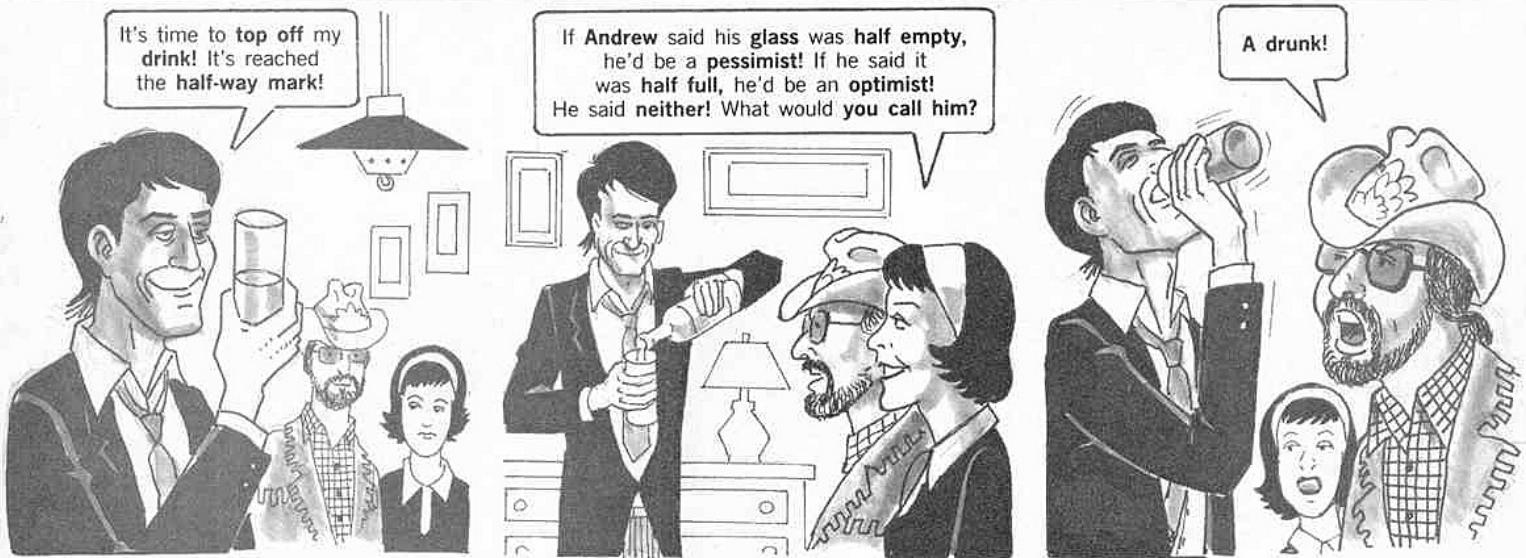
R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

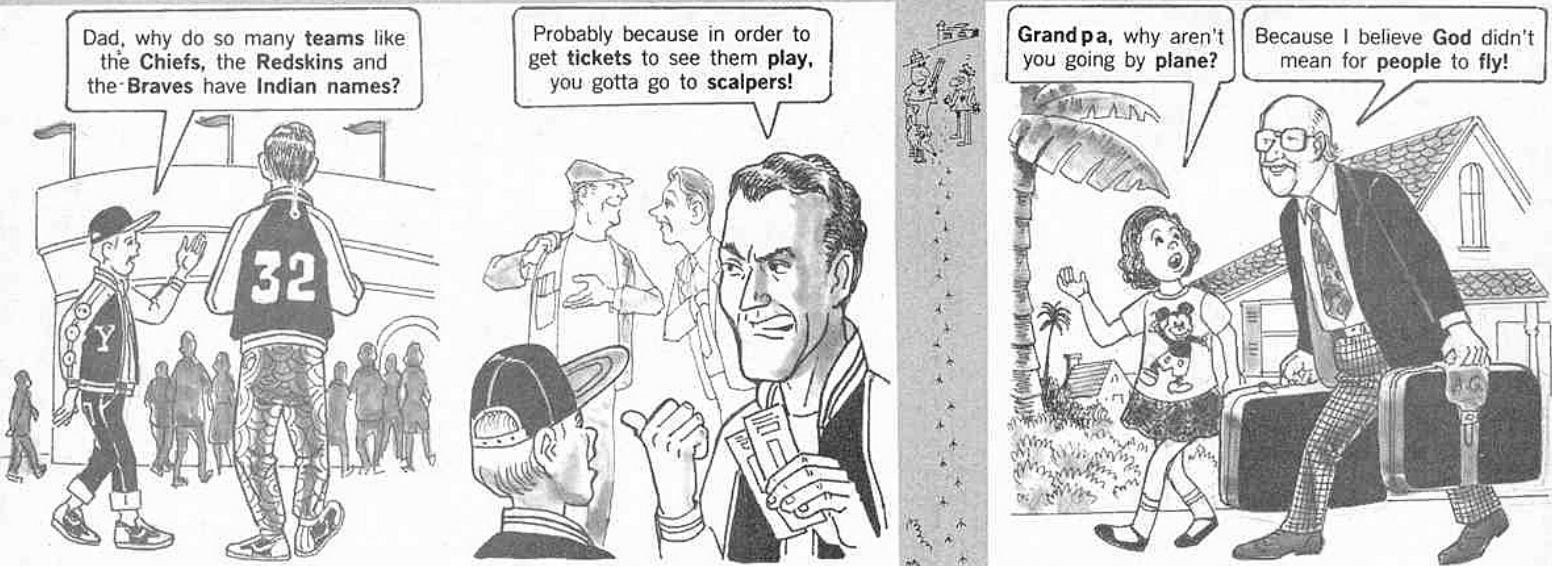
BABYSITTING



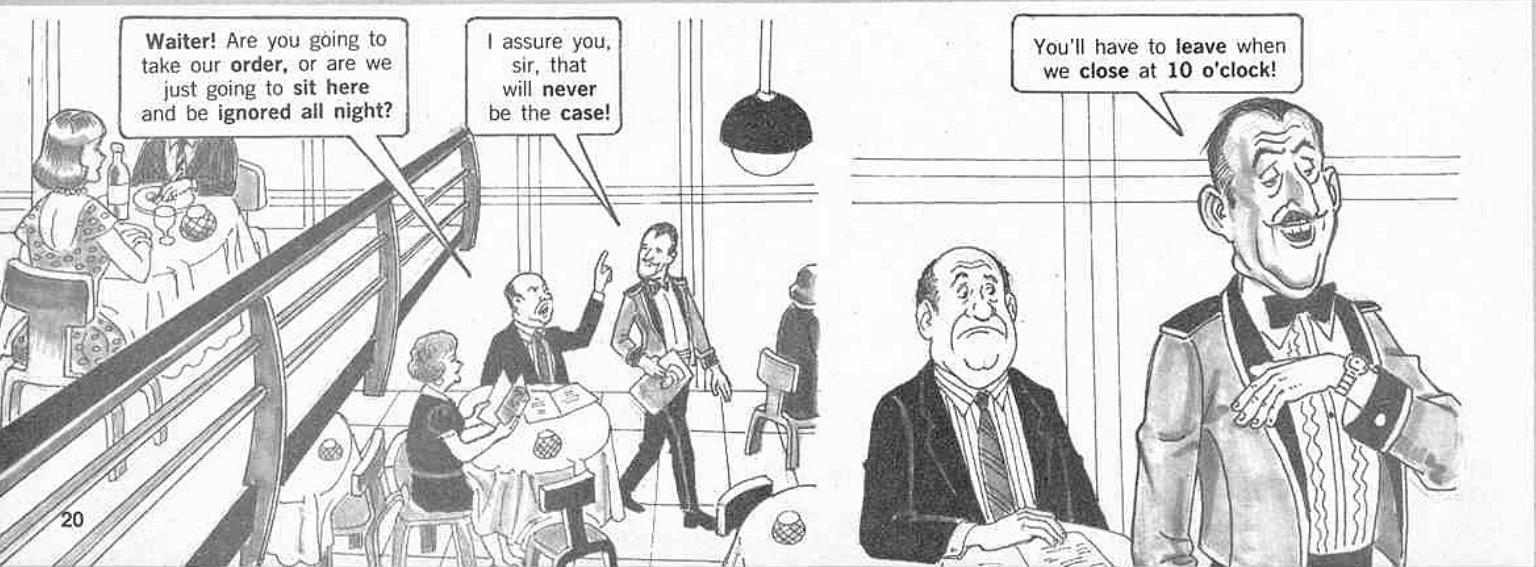
ALCOHOL



SPORTS



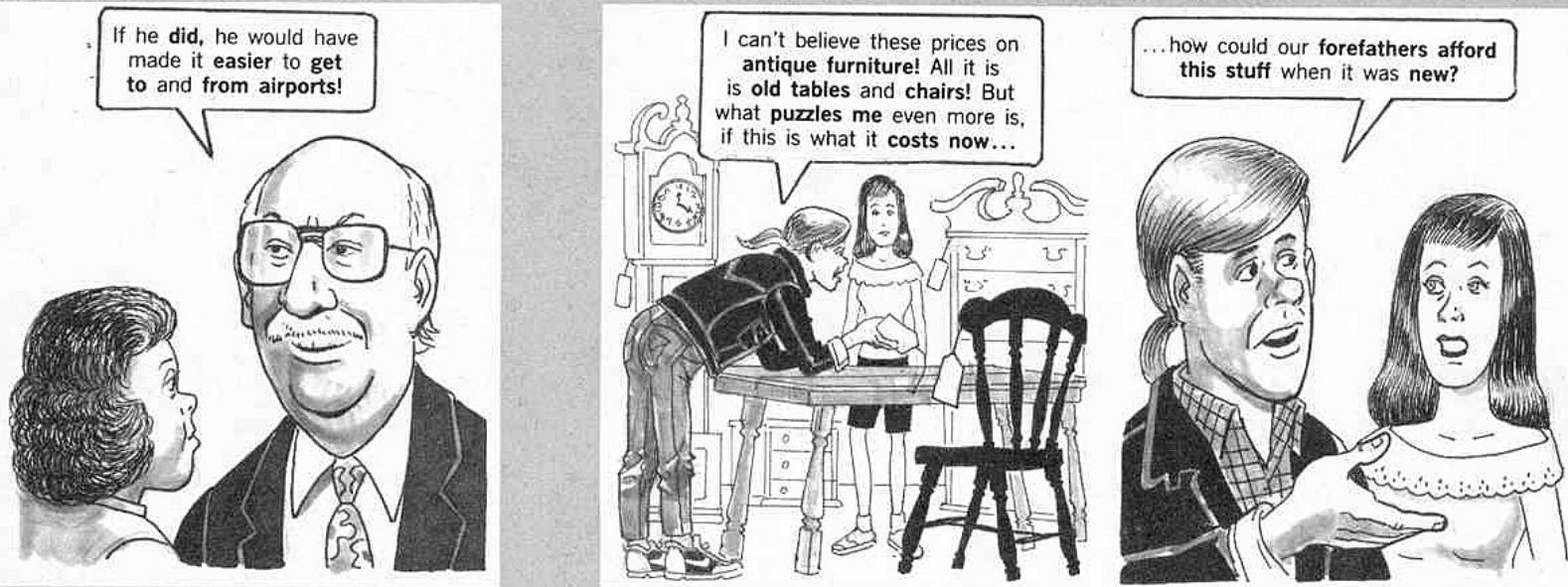
RESTAURANTS



CRUISES



SHOPPING



THE ECONOMY



THE OFFICE



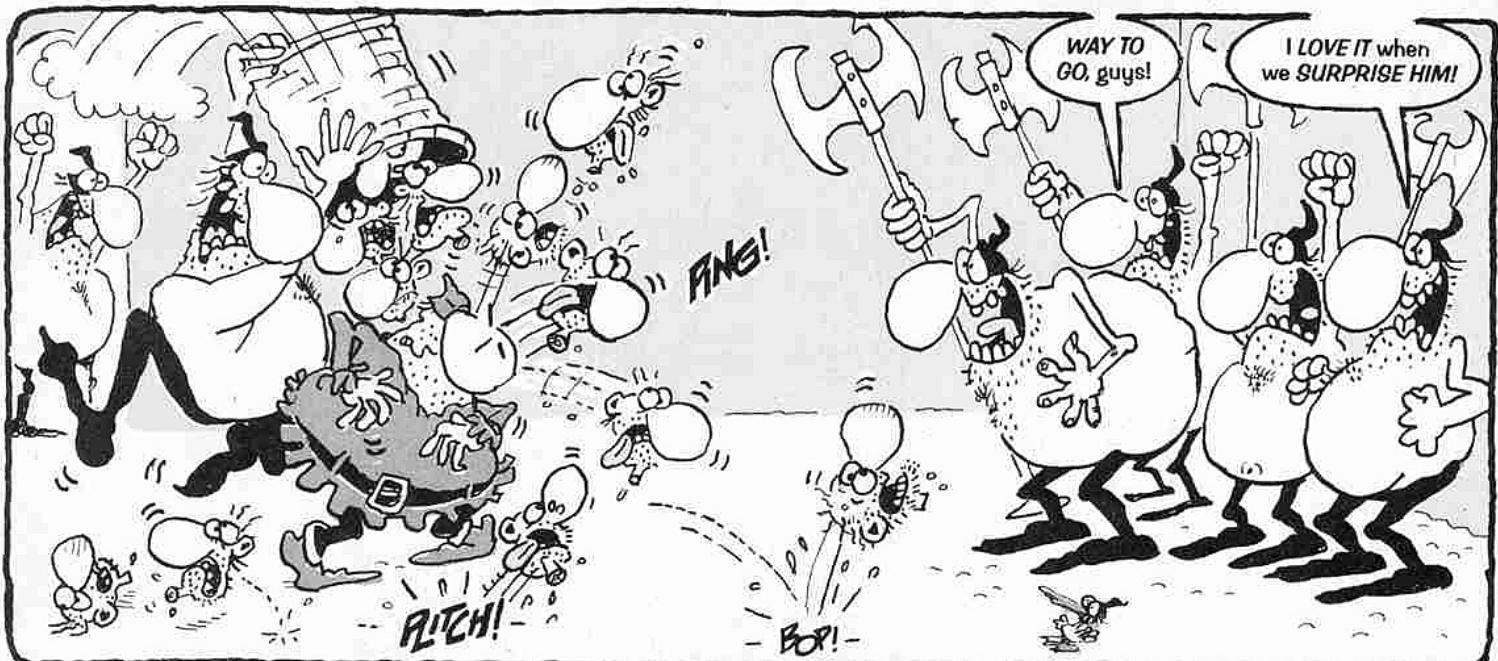
GIFTS



DOCTORS



The Devilish Decapitators' Delight



THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

Okay fans, bottom of the ninth! The Lomira Skunks lead the Pewaukee Bricklayers 8-5. The Bases are loaded and there's a full count on Big Boog Banuker! On the mound is stopper Willie "Wiper" Blades! Here's the pitch...

The question Banuker must ask is, "What pitch will Blades throw?" It follows then that Blades must ask, "What pitch does Banuker think I will throw?" Banuker then must ask, "What pitch does Blades think I think he will throw?" It is impossible, however, for either man to know what the other is thinking, so we cannot truly know the outcome of the game until it is over!

Wrong! The outcome of the game is obvious! By squaring the velocity of the pitch by the weight of the bat, dividing by the circumference of the stadium, and subtracting the total number in attendance, we find that he will swing through a fast ball and strike out!

A pop fly, drawn downward by the Earth's magnetic pull, may drop in for a base hit! On the other hand, it could come down in the stands, causing the molecular restructuring of a chili dog! Either way, the gravity of the situation is clear!

This is all a mind game! The conditions are perfect for a grand slam! Banuker was a bed-wetter as a child; The phallus-shaped bat will remind him of his pre-pubescent years and he will subsequently take out the anger he has been harboring toward his mother upon the unsuspecting ball!

ANON.

Pitcher who want to go far best stay close to home!

CONFUCIUS

Wow! A domed ceiling! Someone get me a paintbrush!

Who's on first?

RS GO TO A BASEBALL GAME

WRITER: ANDREW J. SCHWARTZBERG

As sure as youthful spring gives hope of love,
The ball will fly into the shortstop's glove!

I shall give Banuker my rod so that he may part the outfield and cast the ball into the gap, thus tripling, tying the score, and ending the losing reign of terror The Bricklayers have endured!

Doesn't this organ player
know any more than four chords?

Why should the welfare of the entire Bricklayer masses be dependent on one lone batsman? Should not the batboys and tarpulin workers too have a say in the outcome of the game upon which their very livelihood depends? These oppressed underclasses should revolt and claim their rightful positions on the playing field!

No, who's on second!

Hey, hammer-heads,
that's not our routine!

Baseball is dead!

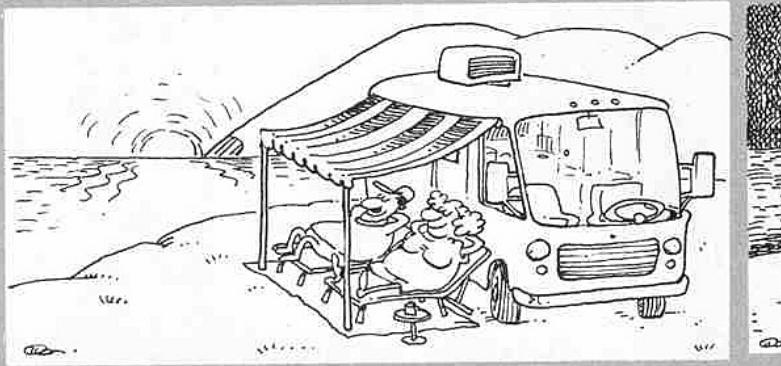
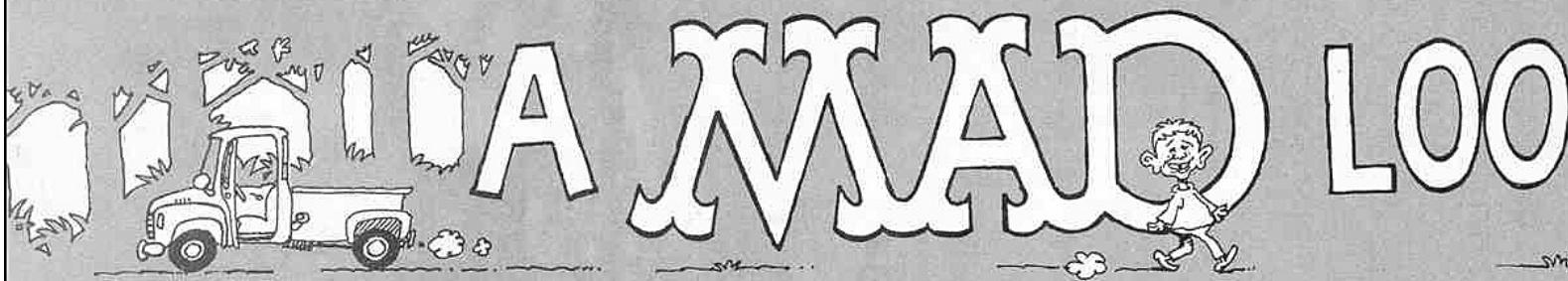
NEXT YOU'LL
WANT A TEACHER
TO EARN AS
MUCH AS
VANILLA ICE!
WHERE WILL
IT END?

KARL MARX

NIETZSCHE

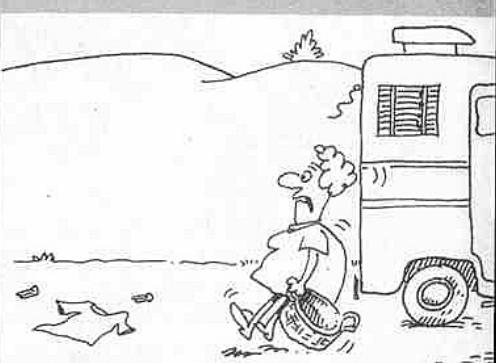
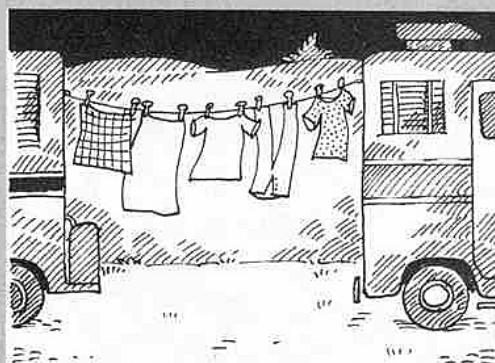
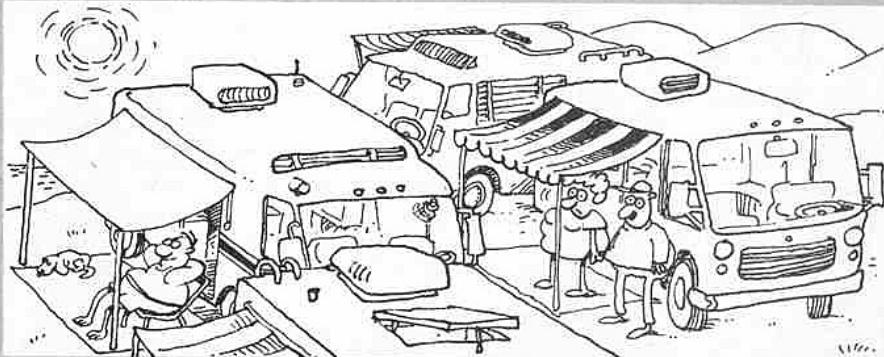
Mr. DRUCKER

SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.



KAT RV S

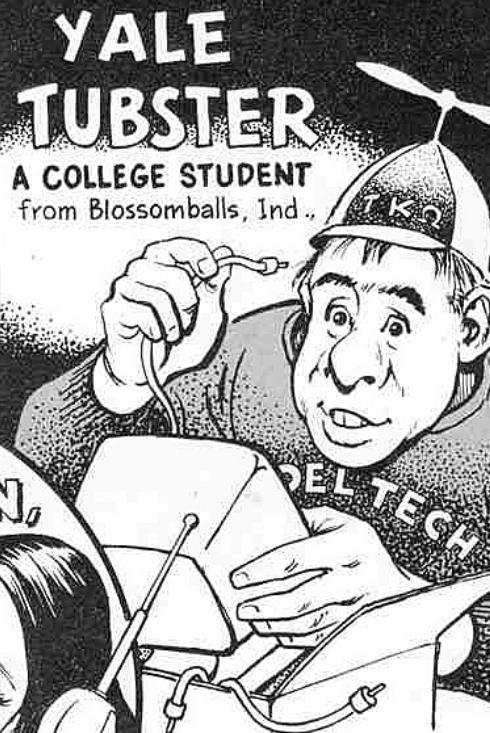
ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



MAD'S Consumer Believe It or Nuts!

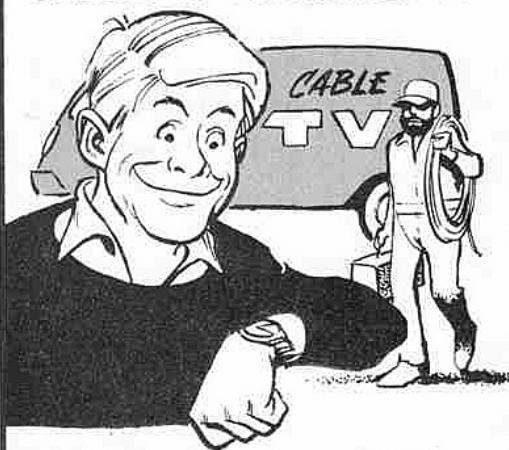


MRS MABEL DUCK
of Blickflicky, Wyoming,
CLIPPED A DOZEN
MONEY SAVING COUPONS
OUT OF THE **NEWSPAPER**!
UPON ARRIVING AT THE
SUPERMARKET, SHE FOUND
EVERY SINGLE ITEM IN STOCK
IN THE PROPER SIZE AND WAS
ABLE TO GET THEM ALL AT THE
DISCOUNTED PRICES!



**YALE
TUBSTER**
A COLLEGE STUDENT
from Blossomballs, Ind.

LANCE RIVERS
of Mantrasuck, Nebraska,
CALLED UP FOR CABLE TV



AND THE COMPANY TOLD HIM THE EXACT
DATE AND TIME OF INSTALLATION
SO HE WOULDN'T BE STUCK AROUND
THE HOUSE WAITING ALL DAY!
EVEN MORE INCREDIBLE WAS THAT
THE CABLE INSTALLERS
ACTUALLY KEPT THE APPOINTMENT!

**ELENORE
POMERANIAN,**
of Cuthbert City, NJ,
BOUGHT A
CORDLESS PHONE
THAT PROVIDED
STATIC-FREE, CRYSTAL
CLEAR RECEPTION FROM
EVERY ROOM
IN HER HOME!



BOUGHT A NEW **COMPUTER**,
TO HELP WITH HIS SCHOOL WORK.
AFTER UNPACKING IT, HE
MIRACULOUSLY DISCOVERED
THAT **EVERY CABLE, MANUAL**
AND **CONNECTOR** HE NEEDED WAS
ACTUALLY INCLUDED IN THE **BOX**!

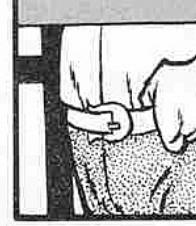
**SARA ANN
THORNLICKER,**
SAW AN AIRLINE ADVERTISEMENT
FOR AN UNBELIEVABLY LOW
**SUPER-SAVER
FARE**!



UPON CALLING THE AIRLINE, NOT ONLY
WAS SHE ABLE TO PURCHASE THE
TICKET FOR THE LOW PRICE, BUT SHE
MANAGED TO GET THE EXACT DATE,
TIME AND FLIGHT THAT SHE WANTED,
NO STRINGS ATTACHED!



**BILL
FLIPERGAST**
of Cretinville, Texas,
CALLED THE
DEPARTMENT
OF
MOTOR VEHICLES
AND GOT THROUGH
ON THE
VERY FIRST TRY!



EVEN MORE
SURPRISING,
THE CLERK HE
SPOKE TO WAS
WARM, COURTEOUS
AND **HELPFUL**!

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

ALONG THE SNIDE LINES DEPT.

About once a year, a flock of birds (mostly vultures, but with a few pigeons and coots mixed in) appears on the horizon and soon fills the sky over the MAD office, almost daring our evil crew to take pot shots. It's often a bloody scene, even though our only ammunition is the Heavy Gauge Insult and the Well Aimed Slander. Once again, it's time for the bombardment to commence as we set forth to annihilate the famous, the near famous, and the infamous in...

the MAD NASTY FILE

VOLUME VI

ARTIST: GERRY GERSTEN

WRITER: TOM KOCH

"THE MC LAUGHLIN GROUP"



...is perfect TV fare for viewers who like to awaken on weekends to the sound of an angry mob screaming in their living room.

...crowds two hours of commentary into 30 minutes by having four people talk at the same time.

...is usually composed of Jack, Pat, Eleanor, Fred and Morton—probably because Larry, Moe, Curly, Shemp and Joe Besser are not available.

CLARENCE THOMAS



...will now have the chance to discover that Supreme Court robes are just as useful as raincoats for flashing.

...grew up in rural Georgia, where he categorically denies that he ever sexually harassed the female chickens.

...got his job by convincing senators that he never formed an opinion about Anita Hill—or anything else.



GUNS N' ROSES



...are often so late for concerts that they just leave word for the audience to start the riot without them.
...set a very good example for young people by demonstrating how drugs can destroy the human brain.
...is led by a guy named Axl, a person who has been hailed by one group more than any other—crossword puzzle writers.

GENERAL H. NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF



...always wore a hand-tailored uniform because (1) he's a general, and (2) nobody else in the army took a size 68.
...makes you wonder how much more popular General Custer might have been if his daily briefings had appeared on nationwide TV.
...spent six weeks winning the Gulf War and six months reviewing the victory parades that followed it.

MIKE TYSON



...is really a pussycat who often doesn't even beat up on the women he meets socially.
...is Don King's idea of the perfect fighter: smart enough to become champion, but not smart enough to understand his contract.
...finds that being charged with rape merely enhances his image as boxing's Number One Scuzzbucket.

"AMERICA'S FUNNIEST HOME VIDEOS"



...makes you wonder how Bob Saget could have earned a living if the VCR had never been invented.
...can hardly wait to prove how funny the video of L.A. cops beating Rodney King looks when it's shown with a laugh track.
...seats all of its video performers in the studio audience—except those who got killed filming their videos.

JEAN-CLAUDE VAN DAMME



...dreams of becoming another Arnold Schwarzenegger—as if we needed another one.

...was the top kick-boxer in Belgium, which is sort of like being the top bullfighter in Alaska.

...may someday emerge as the greatest creative talent in action films since Mr. T.

TED KENNEDY



...may be compensating for feelings of inferiority because he's the only man in his family who failed to make it with Marilyn Monroe.

...is seldom recognized on TV by his close friends because he looks different with his pants on.

...serves as a role model for every politician who is searching for a way to wreck his presidential chances.

RUSH LIMBAUGH



...can't decide who to vote for in '92 now that Duke has become too liberal and Hitler is dead.

...claims that AIDS is only contracted by those who fail to live as he does—unable to get a date with either sex.

...has helped us learn two of the wonders of radio: every set comes equipped with an "OFF" switch and a dial for changing stations.

JOHNNY CARSON



...wins the thanks of a grateful America for taking Ed McMahon into retirement with him.

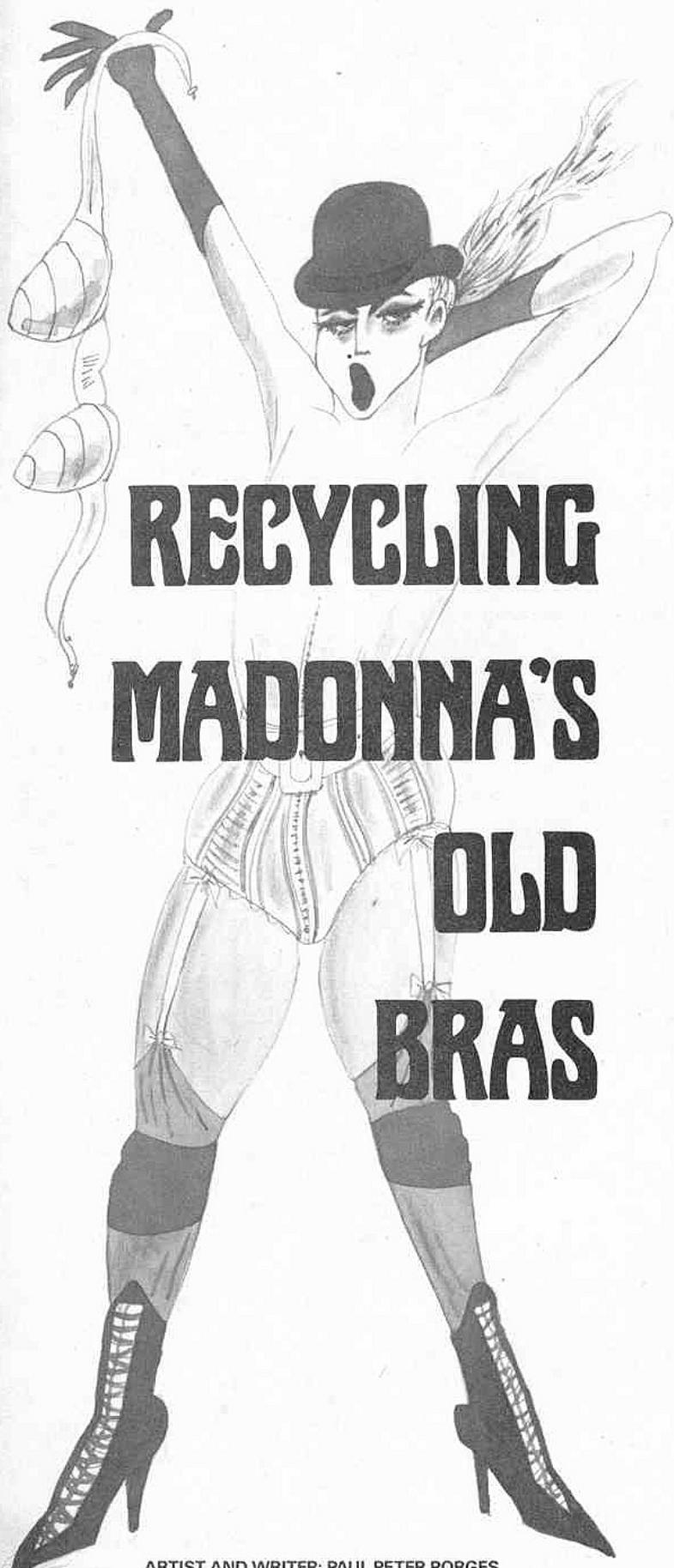
...is still noted for his sly smile, his impish manner and all those other qualities that David Letterman hates.

...will have enough time in retirement to run through approximately three more marriages if he hurries.

CUP SCOUTING DEPT.



REGULAR and DECAF COFFEE FILTERS

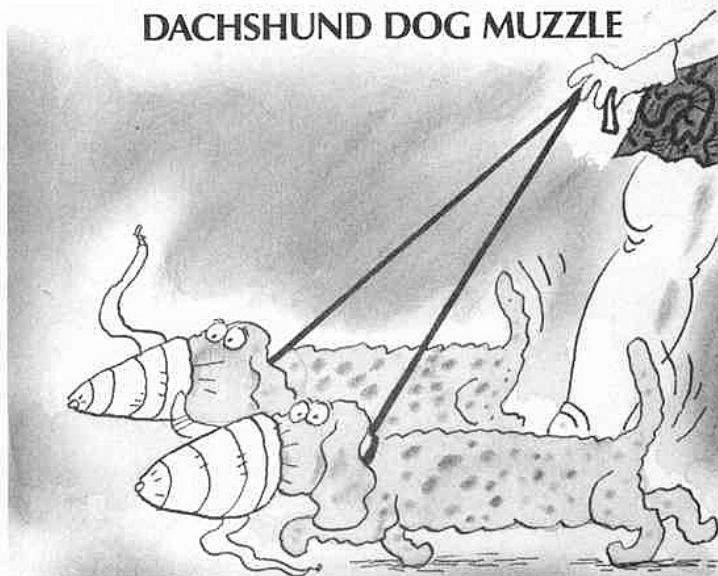


RECYCLING MADONNA'S OLD BRAS

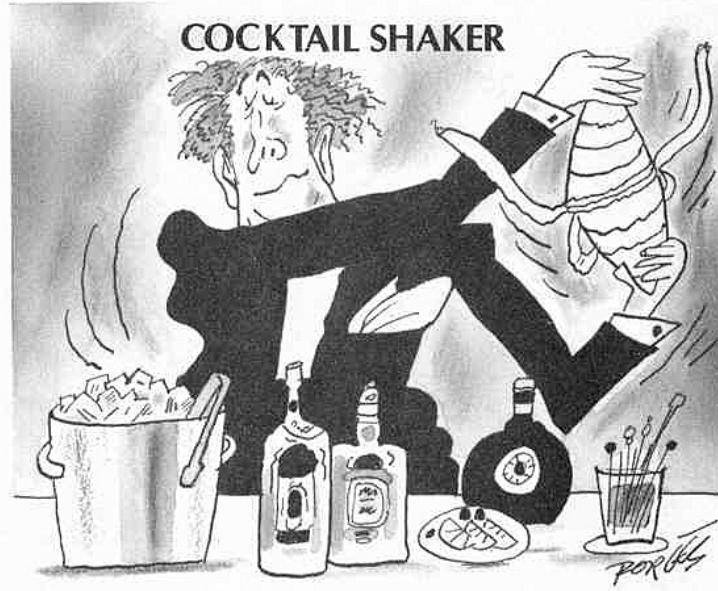
ARTIST AND WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



DACHSHUND DOG MUZZLE



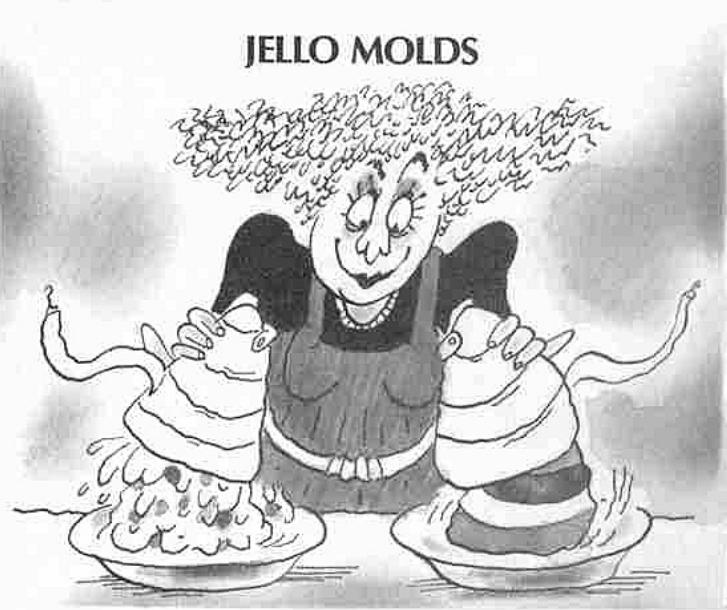
COCKTAIL SHAKER



TRUMPET MUTES



JELLO MOLDS



NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY HATS



MATCHING BEDSIDE LAMPSHADES



HIS and HER BIRD BATHS



GERMAN OPERA HELMET



REYNOLDS RAPPED DEPT.

There's a TV show created by a proven hit-maker! It stars a charismatic leading man and a cast of solid actors from stage, screen and television! So why isn't it an instant classic? We don't know, but when you compare its potential with an average episode, it's obvious this show's a primetime...

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DENNIS SNEE

I'm Wooden Newton, husband, father, high school football coach and distant relative of Sir Issac Newton! He discovered the Law of Gravity. Each week I defy that law with a show top-heavy with sitcom stereotypes that still manages to stay high aloft in the ratings!

I'm Diva Newton, Wood's wife! I'm the mother of four, I graduated second in my class from law school, I'm the town's first female prosecuting attorney and my husband Wood still has the hots for my body. Some call me the "Total Woman!" Most call me a "Complete Fantasy!"

I'm Even Stevens, Diva's father and editor of the *Evening Shame Fungus*. I also used to be known as a "serious actor," until they offered me "serious money" to appear in this sitcom! As they say, money talks—and it's usually funnier than any dialogue you'll hear around these parts!

I'm Freebie Stevens, Even's sister, Diva's aunt, and every sailor's one-night dream! True, I am the latest in a long line of sitcom nymphomaniacs, but I'm more than your standard TV floozy! About 20 to 30 pounds more, unfortunately!



Tones
I'm Wormin' Smiles. I'm the official town nerd, and Wooden's assistant coach. I also hope to be like Wooden someday—accepted, respected—and an ex-virgin!

EVENING SHAME

I'm Hardly Awayfromthefridge, Evening Shame's town doctor!

It's a bad example for a doctor to be as obese as I am, but I do give out sound, folksy health tips. Such as, "always remember that breakfast is the most important meal of the morning!"

I'm Squirreleen, Hardly's wife and Evening Shame's resident dingbat!

Why they call me a dingbat, I have no idea. I don't believe in UFO's or Bigfoot or the Loch Ness Monster. On the other hand, I do believe the Dodgers are underpaying Darryl Strawberry. Hey, I guess I am a dingbat!

I'm Yonder Black. I run the town's most popular barbecue shack, and I'm also this show's token minority.

Actually, considering the state of the economy, I'm a member of two minorities—I'm also an American with a job!

I'm Flauntana Bodacious-boobs-Stevens! I used to be the town stripper! But since I married Even, my life has turned completely around! Now I only take my clothes off in front of one Dirty Old Man!

MENU
MULE BURGER
PIG BURGER
SPAKERIBS
SPARE TIRES
CATFISH
CAT
DESPAIR RIBS
OKRA WINFREY
BROCCOLI

I'm the creator of this show Linda Bloodworth-Millions. My first hit series, *Designing Women*, was set in Georgia, and setting this show in Arkansas has taught me a lot. Mainly that TV characters aren't nearly as funny in Arkansas!

TODAY'S SPECIAL
ROAST RUMP
of
ARKANSAS
RAZORBACK
with
RAW TURNIPS

TRUE
GRITS
KLAN
CHOWDER

So, what's on your agenda for today, Diva?

Not much. After I nurse the baby and make breakfast for you and the kids, I have a deposition at 9, a court hearing at 10, lunch with the mayor, interview with the local news at 3, then I have to pour over the want ads!

Finally trying to find some domestic help?

No, I'm trying to find a second job to fill up my spare time!

Now remember, Diva, no more talk about you getting another job. You're busy enough! And I can provide for our family just fine as coach of the high school football team!

Right! Even though your teams haven't won a game in three years!

Come to think of it, maybe I should be lining up a second job!

You gonna eat that last bite of sausage?



Announcement—
I am crazy in love with Flauntana!
I am crazy in love with Flauntana!

Puh-lease!
It's bad enough you feel that way—you don't have to say it twice!

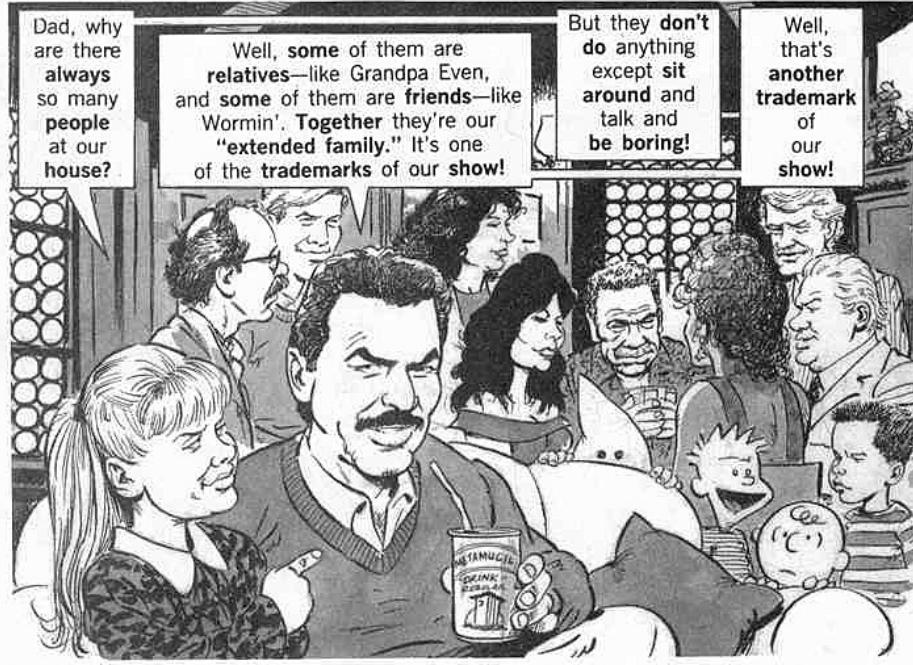
He didn't!
That was the echo from Flauntana's cavernous cleavage!

Dad, why are there always so many people at our house?

Well, some of them are relatives—like Grandpa Even, and some of them are friends—like Wormin'. Together they're our "extended family." It's one of the trademarks of our show!

But they don't do anything except sit around and talk and be boring!

Well, that's another trademark of our show!



Damn! I gained another 40 pounds!

The guy on Geraldo says food can be a substitute for sex, and I did catch you having a quickie with a quart of Haagen-Dazs! Maybe you need help!

We'll talk about it later, Squirreleen! The guy behind me is waiting to use the scale!

You'll have to go somewhere else, good buddy!

This guy just broke the scale!

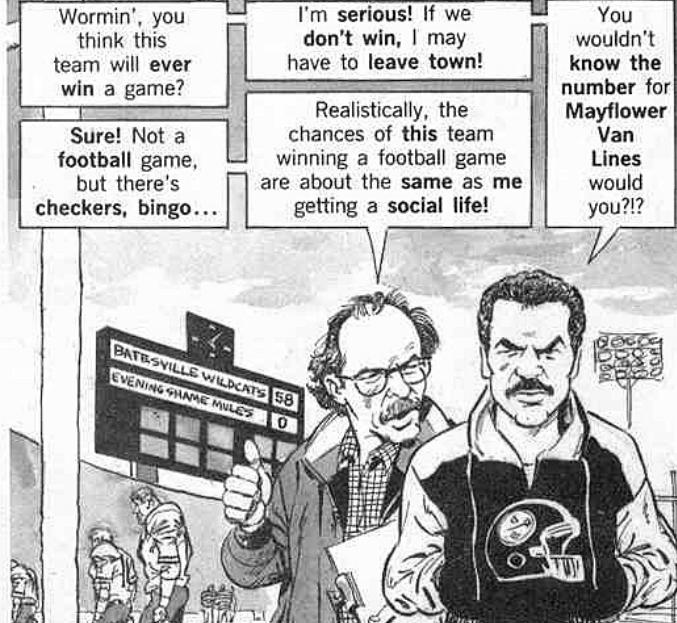
Wormin', you think this team will ever win a game?

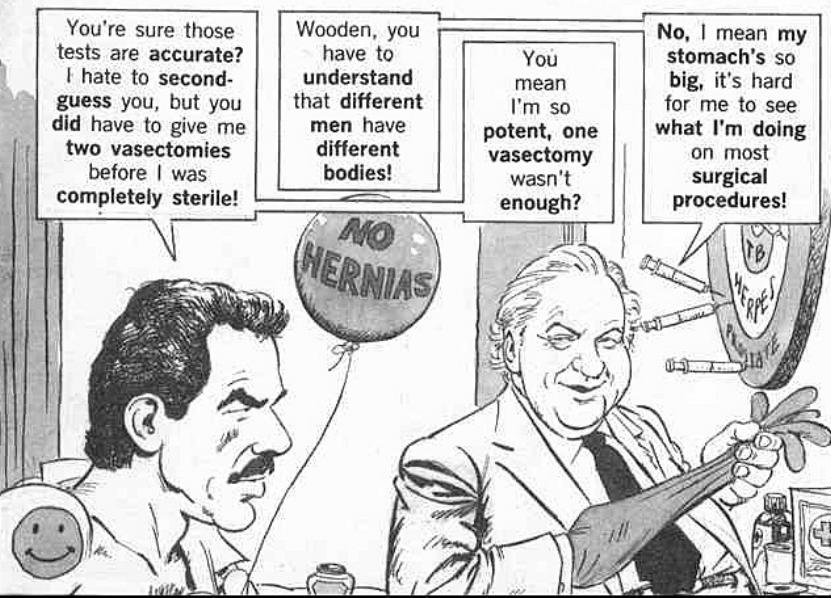
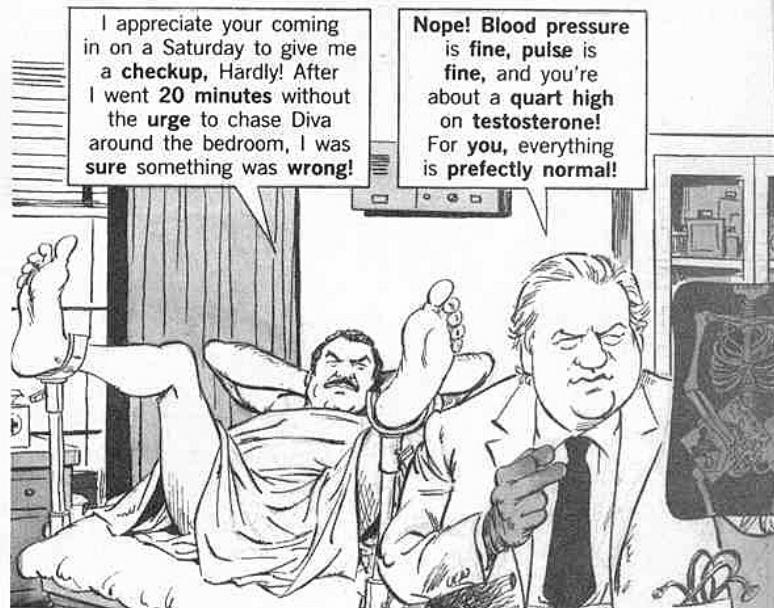
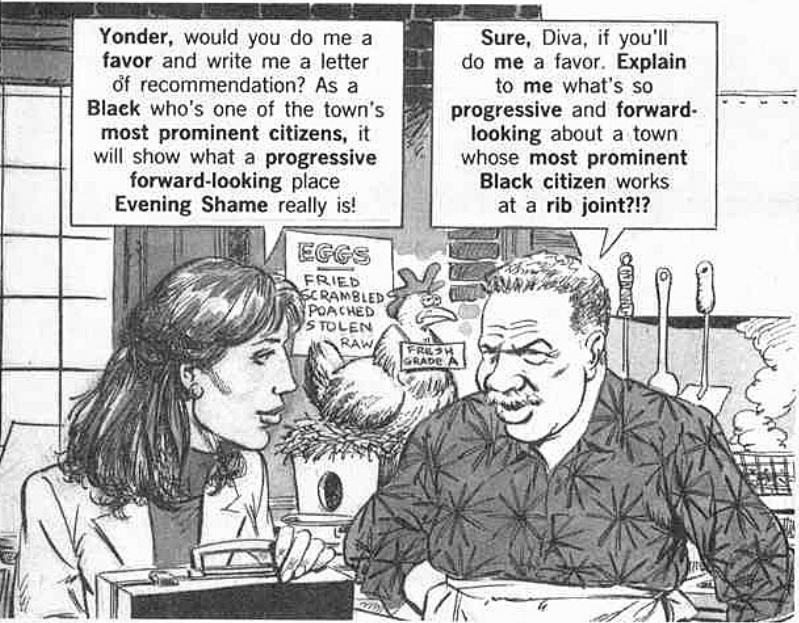
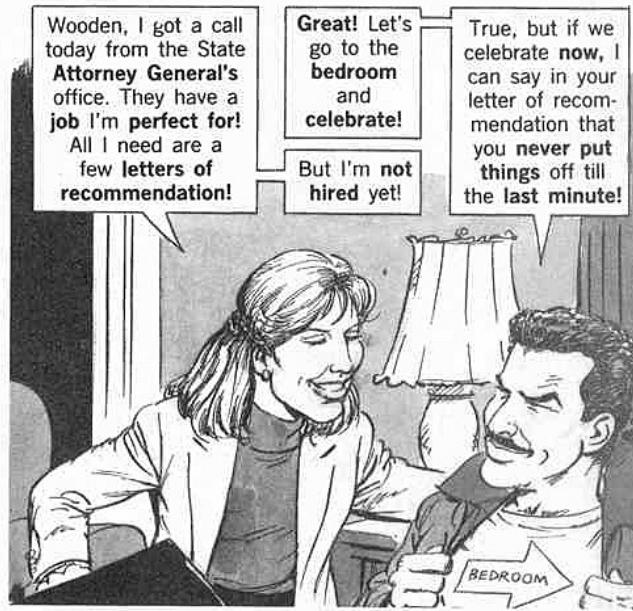
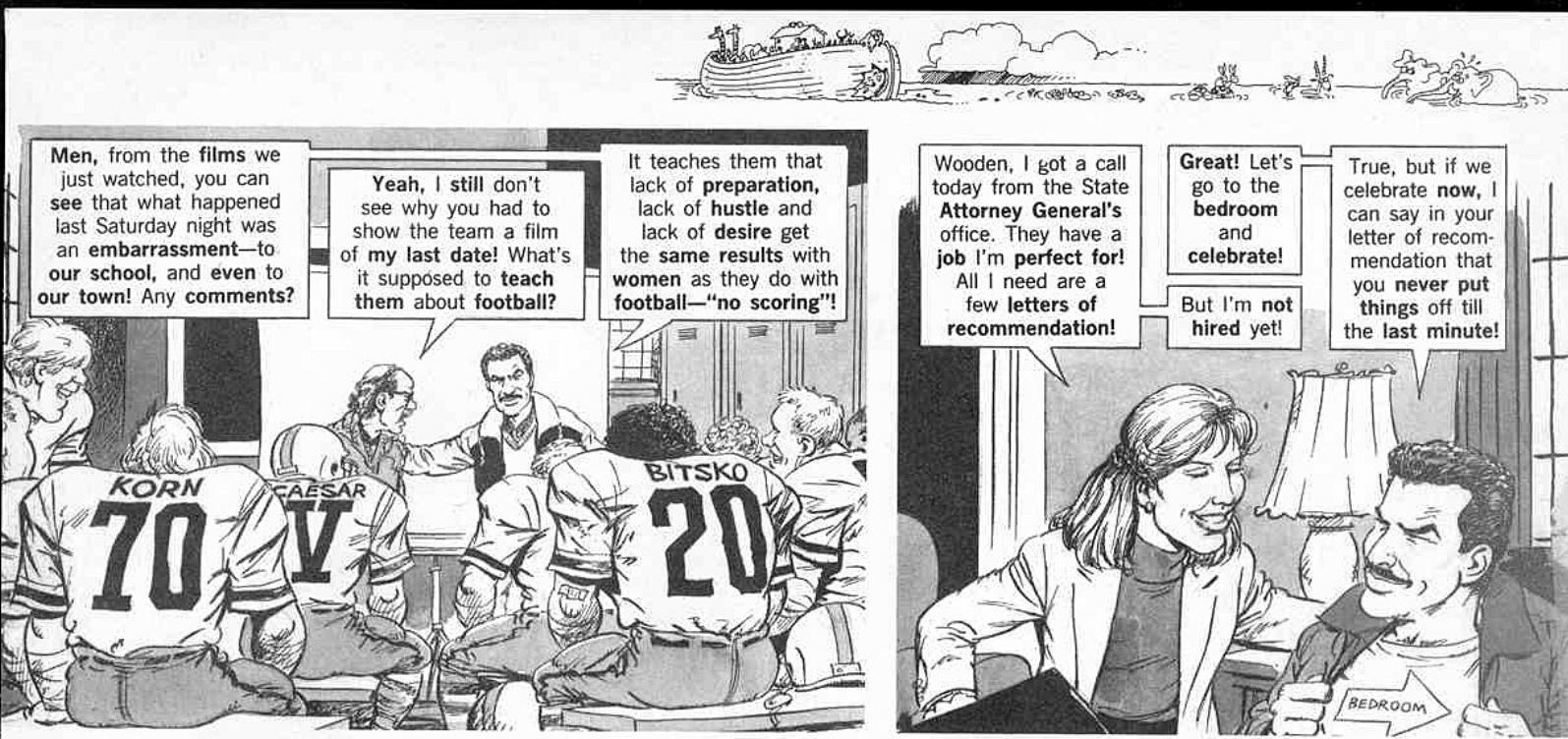
Sure! Not a football game, but there's checkers, bingo...

I'm serious! If we don't win, I may have to leave town!

Realistically, the chances of this team winning a football game are about the same as me getting a social life!

You wouldn't know the number for Mayflower Van Lines would you?!





"...and finally, Diva always remembered to wash her hands before meals, and to brush her teeth at bedtime!"

How's that for a letter of recommendation, honey?

It's great, daddy! In fact, I think I'll save it until I'm running for "Girl Scout of the Year"!

Diva, how about if I gave you a letter of recommendation? I bet they'd be real impressed!

Well... thanks, Flauntana, but I don't think so.

But why not? Not many people get a letter of recommendation from somebody who doesn't know how to write!

I'm Diva Newton! I'm here to pick up a letter of recommendation from Sheriff Wilson. Who are you?

I'm Barney Fife, the new Deputy Sheriff. I was just hired to fill an urgent role here.

But Evening Shame doesn't need any more law enforcement!

No, but it sure needs a Southern sitcom character with a proven ability to get laughs!

I have letters from Hardly, Yonder, Professor Daley, Judge Byers and the President of the State Bar! Not bad at all!

What about the letter Squirreleen got for you?

It's just I'm not sure they could verify that Elvis himself wrote it—even though he's been staying in their guest house on weekends!

They're about to announce the name of the person who got the big job! Let's listen!

As head of the State Civil Service Commission, it gives me great pleasure to introduce the new appointee who will be heading to the state capitol! —Flauntana Bodaciousboobs!

My God! Look! It's Governor Bill Clinton!

Yes, Miss Flauntana will be working directly under the Governor!

But she's a grade school drop-out! What about my letters of recommendation?!

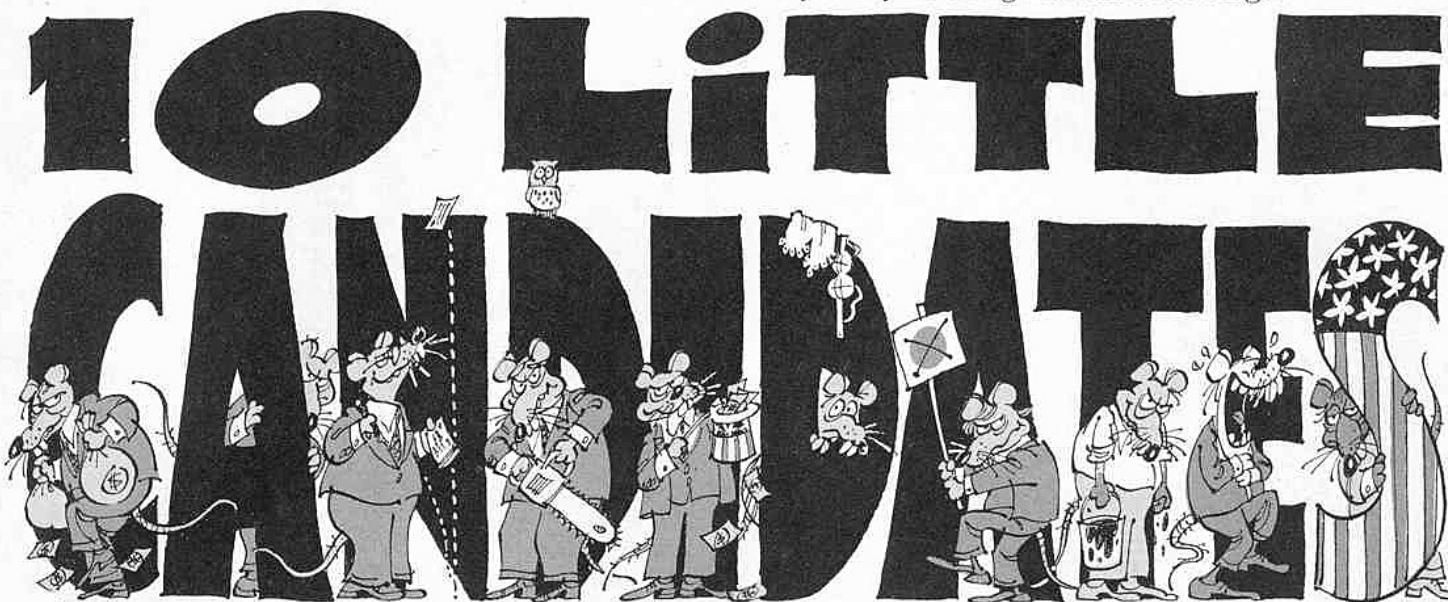
Flauntana had a better one—from Gary Hart!

If you get to Little Rock, drop in and see us!

But make sure that you knock first!

It's another Election Year. Once again incumbent and upstart politicians are crawling out from the sewers and vying for various political offices around the country. Because there are so many candidates, the Primary System was devised as a way of winnowing the field... separating the wheat from the chaff...allowing the cream to rise to the top. This process used to work! But no more! You'll see what we mean as you rhyme along with the following...

10 Little Candidates

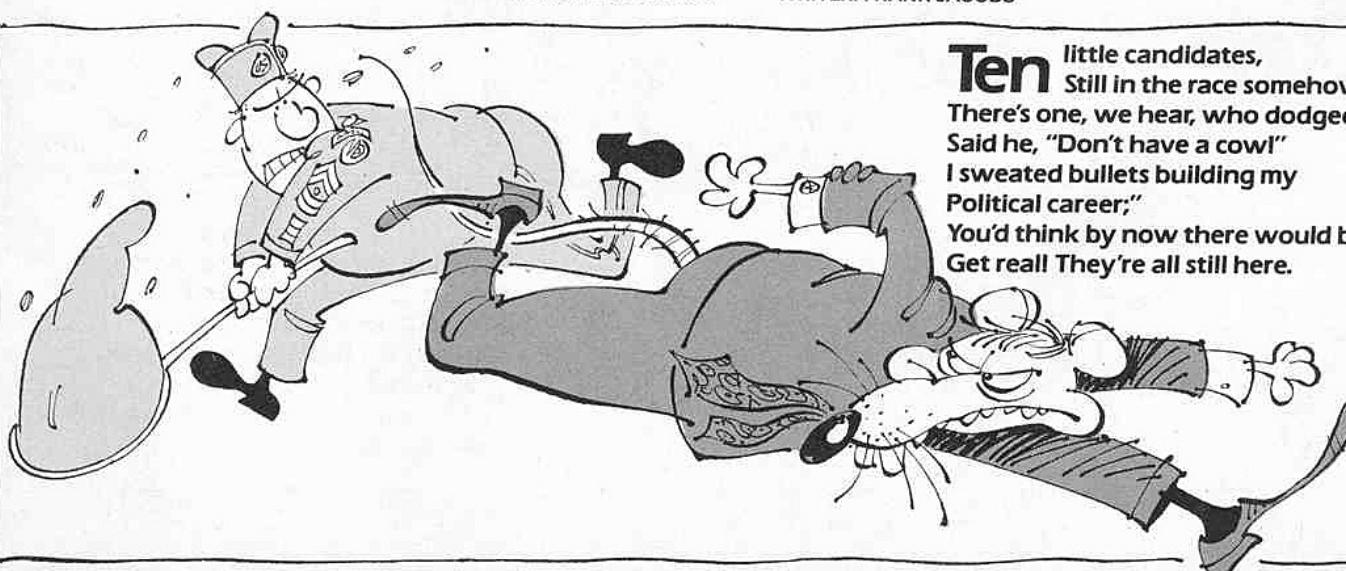


Ten little candidates,
Their records in review;
One took some "contributions"
From an S&L or two;
Said he, "Somebody set me up;
The charges I deny;"
This brings our number down to nine;
Oh, sure, and horses fly.



ARTIST: PAUL COKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

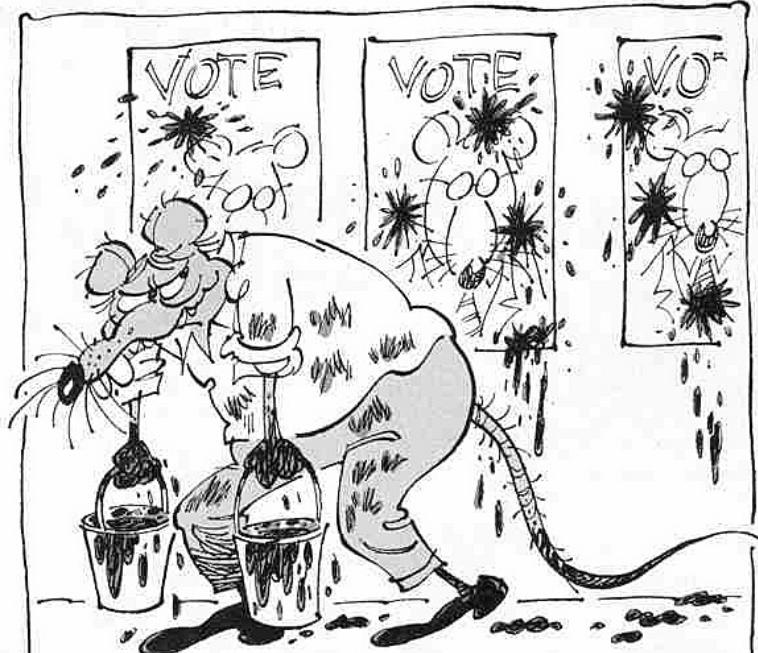


Ten little candidates,
Still in the race somehow;
There's one, we hear, who dodged the draft;
Said he, "Don't have a cow!"
I sweated bullets building my
Political career;"
You'd think by now there would be eight;
Get real! They're all still here.

Ten little candidates,
All upright gents, you'd think;
One bounced a hundred checks or so,
Which caused an awful stink;
Said he, "I've been the victim of
An underhanded plot;"
In case you wonder where we stand,
We're down to seven—NOT!

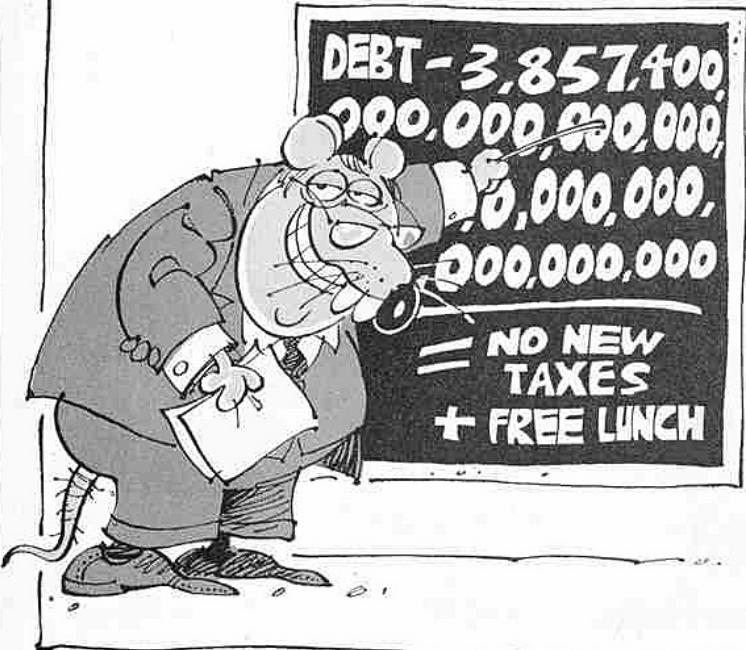


Ten little candidates,
Still running, if you please;
Said one, "To save our country,
We must crush the Japanese!"
The imports that they dump on us,"
He said, "must soon be gone,"
Then drove off in his Subaru;
We're down to five? Dream on!



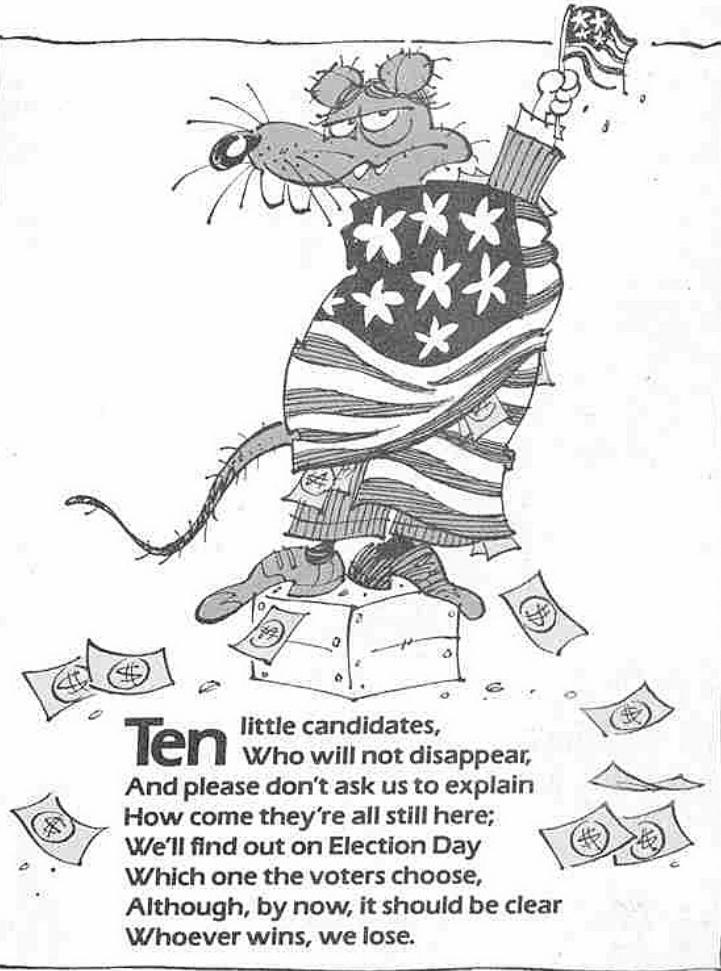
Ten little candidates,
All getting in their licks;
One smeared his foe with TV ads,
Midst other dirty tricks;
Said he, "My staffers are to blame;
They planned it all themselves;"
Which brings our number down to four
If you believe in elves.

Ten little candidates,
Each hoping to prevail;
One came out with a budget plan
That's guaranteed to fail;
If he gets in, our lives will be
More screwed up than they are;
You say we should be down to three?
Nice try, but no cigar.



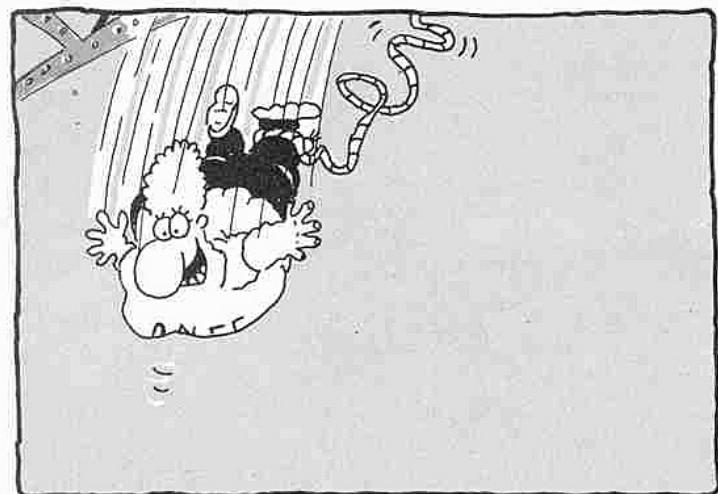
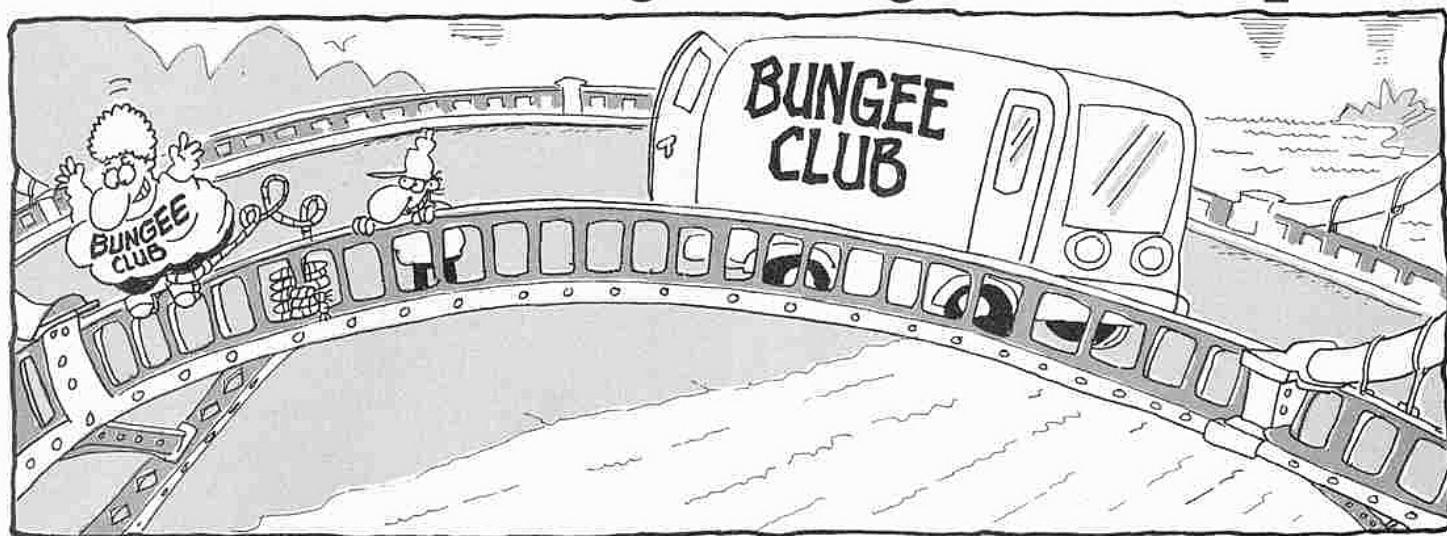
Ten little candidates,
Each pondering his fate;
One claimed he was "pro-family"
While cheating on his mate;
Said he, "Don't take some bimbo's word—
She's only spouting lies;"
Guess what? The number hasn't changed;
Surprisel Surprise! Surprise!

Ten little candidates,
Still with the urge to run;
One tickled crowds with racial jokes;
Said he, " 'Twas all in fun;
The darkies know I'm on their side;
I've got one on my staff;"
What's that? You think we're down to one?
Ha-hal It is to laugh.



Ten little candidates,
Who will not disappear,
And please don't ask us to explain
How come they're all still here;
We'll find out on Election Day
Which one the voters choose,
Although, by now, it should be clear
Whoever wins, we lose.

The Bouncing Bungee Blooper

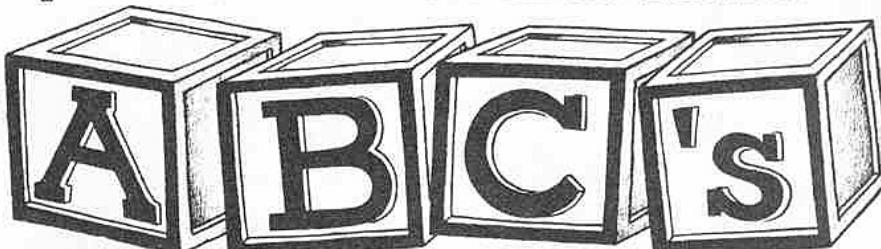


ARTIST AND WRITER: DUCK EDWING

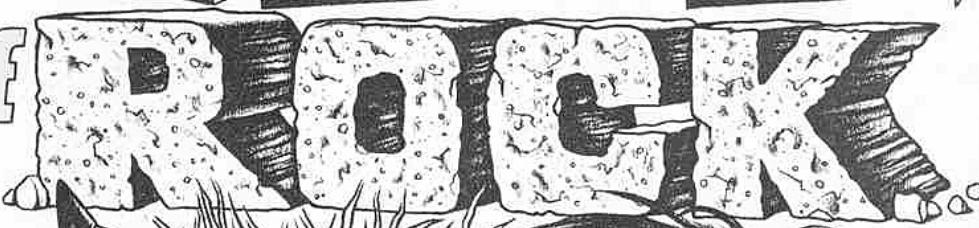


All right boys and girls, settle down now, it's time for your lesson! Biff, stop talking! Ann, take the gum out of your mouth! Tommy, put your .44 caliber pistol away! It's time to learn the ABCs, that is...

The



Of



A

Advertising Tie-Ins

Once upon a time it was fashionable to criticize rock stars for "selling out" when they did TV commercials. Nowadays, the opposite is true! Rock stars who don't cheapen themselves and their music by singing about beer or soda are considered total morons, too dumb to capitalize on their popularity. Success used to mean selling out Madison Square Garden—now it means selling out on Madison Avenue!



B

Babes

It is not their obscene wealth or undeserved fame that makes rock stars the envy of all mortal men, but rather the large number of fawning, buxom women hanging around them eager to strum their guitar—if you know what we mean, *wink wink, ahem!* These babes can be seen backstage at concerts, in the rock star's videos, and on the news after they have sued him for palimony, child support and "personal damages" totaling the GNP of Kuwait! Knowing this, why do rock stars put up with them? Because they're babes!

USA AFRICA

C

Charity Projects

Rock stars are quick to align themselves with worthy causes. Is it because they are deeply concerned about the happiness of others? No! If they were, they wouldn't torture us with bart-inducing, sappy anthems like "We Are The World"! Rockers do it for the press! No critic would dare blast such a "noble song"—and let's face it, it can't hurt sales of their next CD either!

Extra CD Tracks

Rock stars love CDs! This innovative modern technology allows them to force fans to forgo the lower-priced cassette and pay more! They justify this by slapping one or two extra songs on the CD that are so crummy they've been too embarrassed to release them. Now, of course, they call 'em "bonus tracks"—but you don't have to be Stephen Hawking to figure out who's getting the bonus!

G

Going Solo

When the lead singer of a popular group starts believing he or she is a genius, or that their "marginally talented" cronies are keeping them from superstardom, they try making it on their own. With dollar signs in their eyes (and a full time roadie to carry their egos!), they insist they're doing it for their "artistic development." A few succeed; however most discover there's a direct correlation between going solo and going broke!

D

Double Albums

Releasing a double album tells the world a rock star's truly got something to say, like, "I want to charge \$22.95 for a CD!" True, by throwing in every unfinished demo and six minute drum solo they have they can't promise high quality—but hey, high quantity is the next best thing! Loyal fans will call them "prolific geniuses," while their bankers will call them "sir"! (For more information, see "Extra CD Tracks")

F

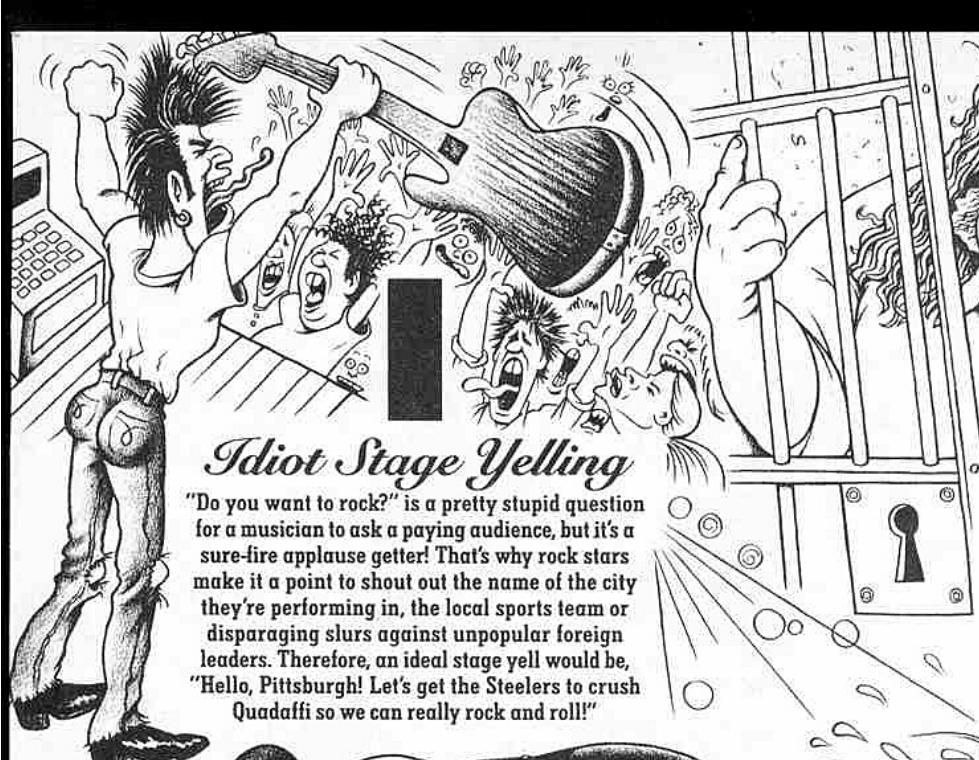
Farewell Tours

Used to be when a rock group's career dried up they'd just disband and go away. Not anymore! Hitting the road for "one last hurrah" is a proven method for awakening feelings of nostalgia in fans, even if the band is reprehensible! Of course, "saying farewell" sets the stage for the band to reunite two weeks after they're "gone" for—you guessed it—a "Comeback Tour"!

H

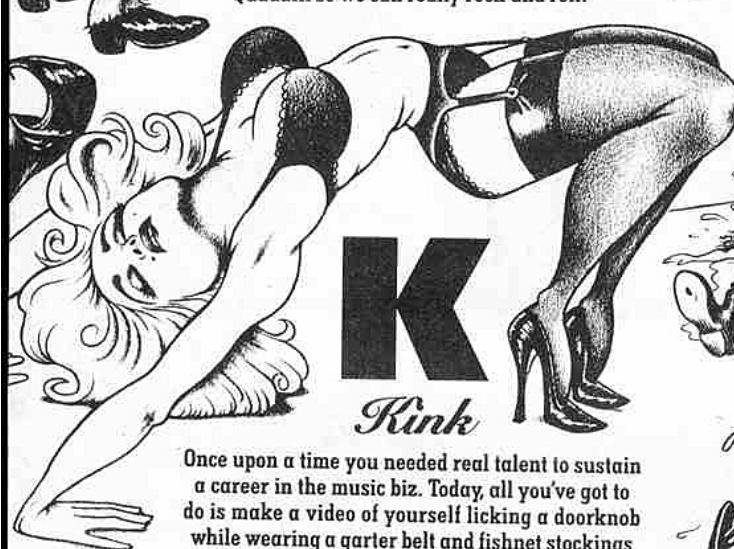
Hidden Messages

After much debate, no one is really sure whether rock music contains dangerous subliminal messages (No one except Charles Manson!) In the '60s these hidden voices were said to be telling listeners to make a pact with the devil or take drugs. If there are voices, these days they would more likely be saying, "Tipper Gore is a ninny!"



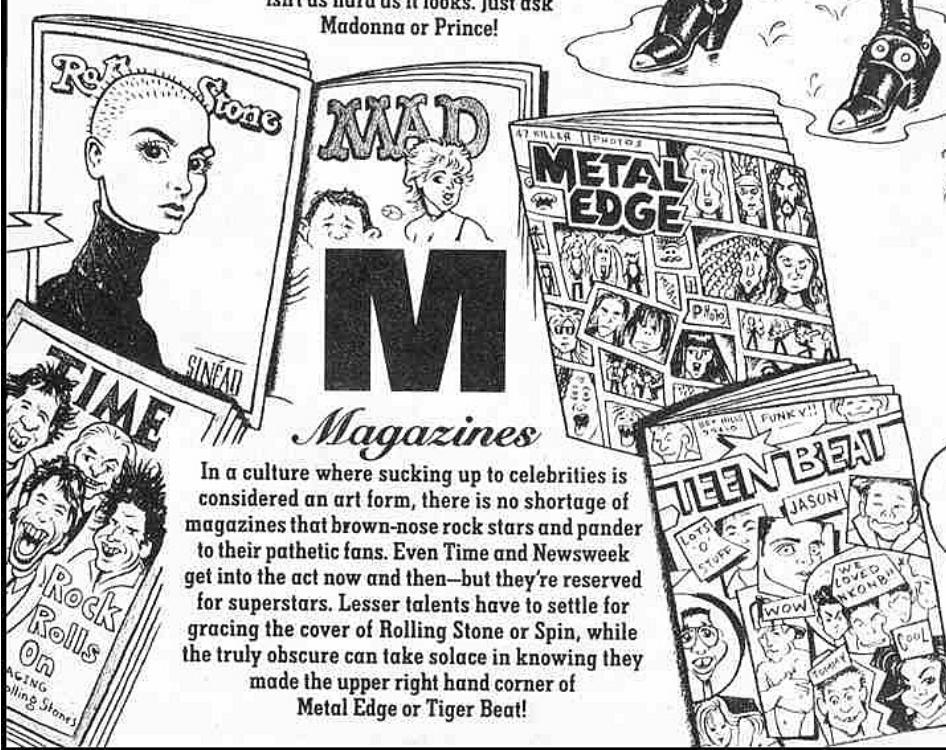
Idiot Stage Yelling

"Do you want to rock?" is a pretty stupid question for a musician to ask a paying audience, but it's a sure-fire applause getter! That's why rock stars make it a point to shout out the name of the city they're performing in, the local sports team or disparaging slurs against unpopular foreign leaders. Therefore, an ideal stage yell would be, "Hello, Pittsburgh! Let's get the Steelers to crush Quadraffy so we can really rock and roll!"



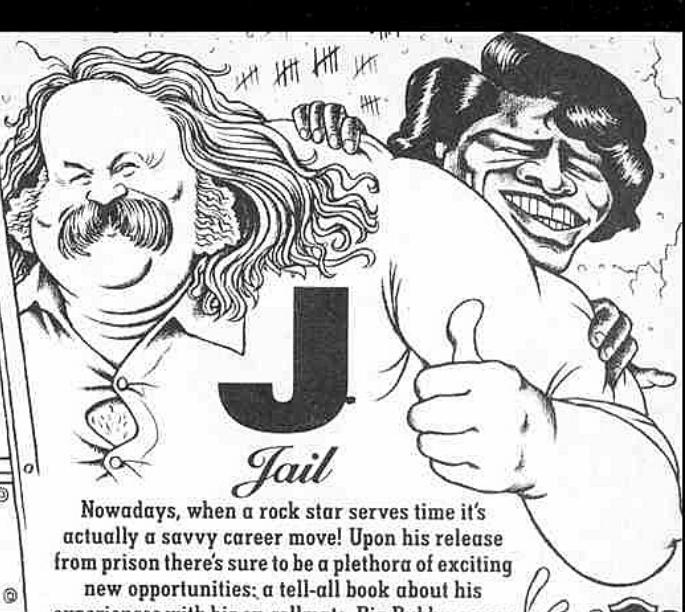
Kink

Once upon a time you needed real talent to sustain a career in the music biz. Today, all you've got to do is make a video of yourself licking a doorknob while wearing a garter belt and fishnet stockings and you're guaranteed to make it big! Believe us, compensating for your lack of musicianship by prancing around with half-naked hermaphrodites isn't as hard as it looks. Just ask Madonna or Prince!



Magazines

In a culture where sucking up to celebrities is considered an art form, there is no shortage of magazines that brown-nose rock stars and pander to their pathetic fans. Even Time and Newsweek get into the act now and then—but they're reserved for superstars. Lesser talents have to settle for gracing the cover of Rolling Stone or Spin, while the truly obscure can take solace in knowing they made the upper right hand corner of Metal Edge or Tiger Beat!



Jail

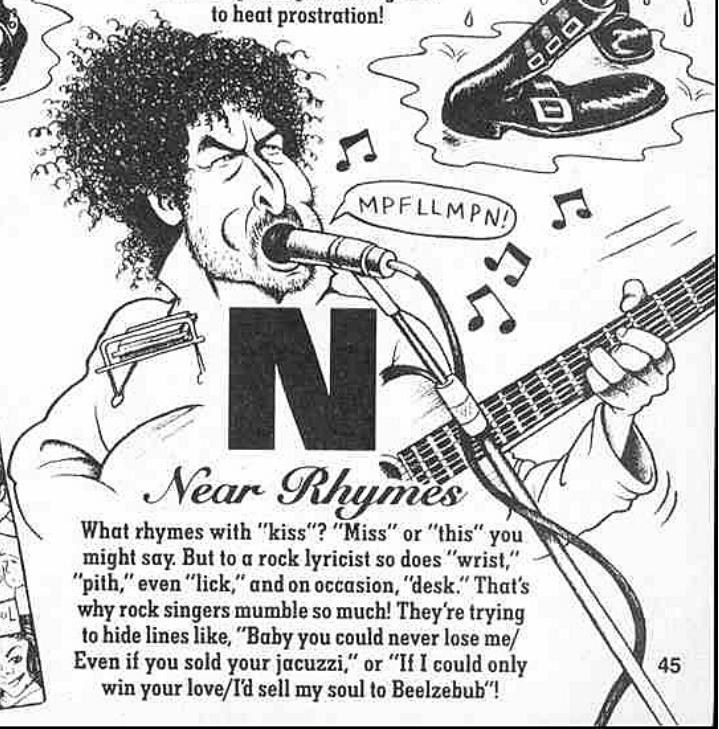
Nowadays, when a rock star serves time it's actually a savvy career move! Upon his release from prison there's sure to be a plethora of exciting new opportunities: a tell-all book about his experiences with his ex-cellmate, Big Bubba, a new album of self-pitying songs about illegal handgun possession, maybe even a pay-per-view cable special with his old law-abiding pals!

Who says crime doesn't pay?



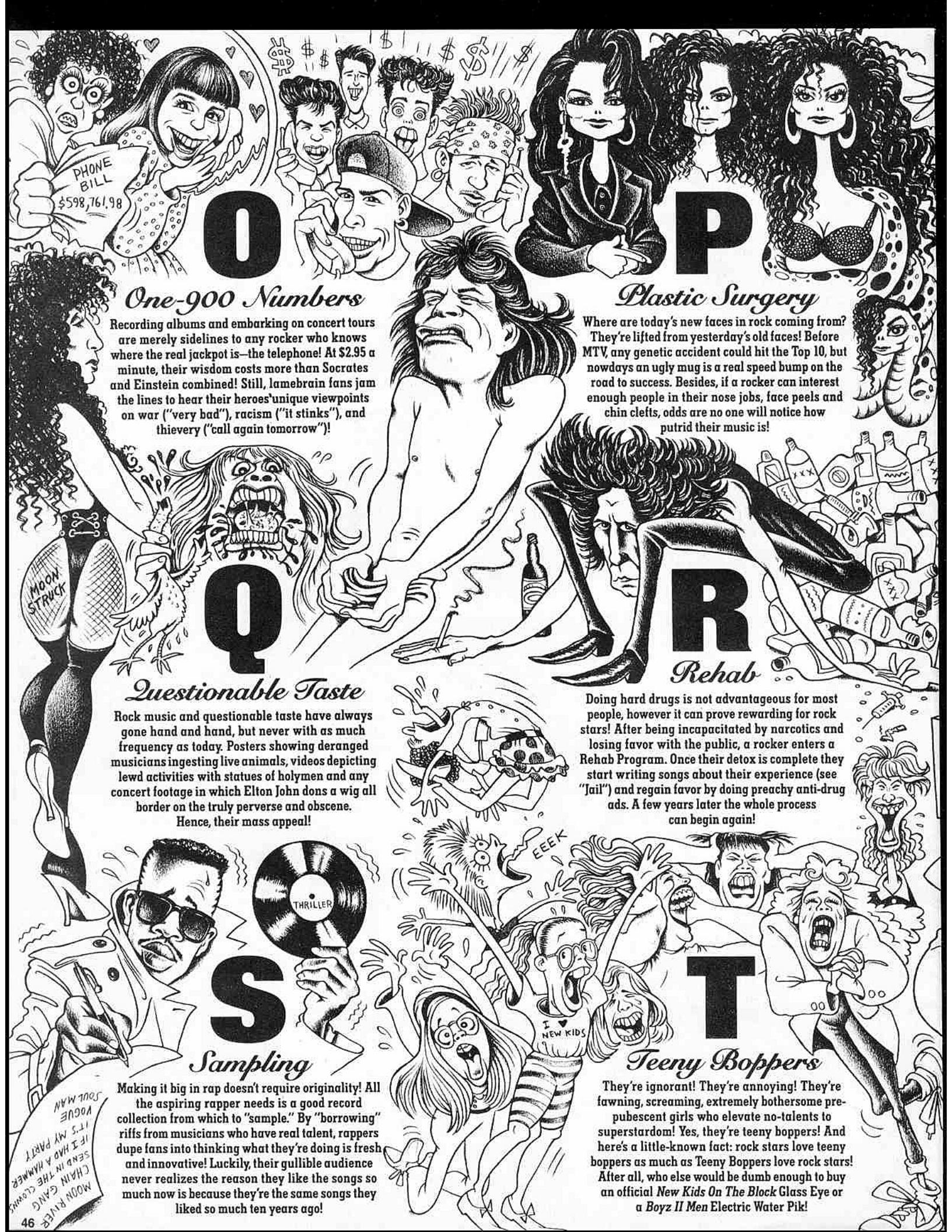
Leather

Wearing the right clothing is essential to a rock star's image. And what better way is there for a professional musician to project the proper image than by wearing the hide of a domestic animal? By sporting leather jackets, pants, straps and boots, rockers not only impress their audience but also have a great excuse to end their show early when they collapse on stage due to heat prostration!



Near Rhymes

What rhymes with "kiss"? "Miss" or "this" you might say. But to a rock lyricist so does "wrist," "pith," even "lick," and on occasion, "desk." That's why rock singers mumble so much! They're trying to hide lines like, "Baby you could never lose me/ Even if you sold your jacuzzi," or "If I could only win your love/I'd sell my soul to Beelzebub!"



O One-900 Numbers

Recording albums and embarking on concert tours are merely sidelines to any rocker who knows where the real jackpot is—the telephone! At \$2.95 a minute, their wisdom costs more than Socrates and Einstein combined! Still, lamebrain fans jam the lines to hear their heroes' unique viewpoints on war ("very bad"), racism ("it stinks"), and thievery ("call again tomorrow")!

P

Plastic Surgery

Where are today's new faces in rock coming from? They're lifted from yesterday's old faces! Before MTV, any genetic accident could hit the Top 10, but nowdays an ugly mug is a real speed bump on the road to success. Besides, if a rocker can interest enough people in their nose jobs, face peels and chin clefts, odds are no one will notice how putrid their music is!

Q

Questionable Taste

Rock music and questionable taste have always gone hand and hand, but never with as much frequency as today. Posters showing deranged musicians ingesting live animals, videos depicting lewd activities with statues of holymen and any concert footage in which Elton John dons a wig all border on the truly perverse and obscene.

Hence, their mass appeal!

R

Rehab

Doing hard drugs is not advantageous for most people, however it can prove rewarding for rock stars! After being incapacitated by narcotics and losing favor with the public, a rocker enters a Rehab Program. Once their detox is complete they start writing songs about their experience (see "Jail") and regain favor by doing preachy anti-drug ads. A few years later the whole process can begin again!

S

Sampling

Making it big in rap doesn't require originality! All the aspiring rapper needs is a good record collection from which to "sample." By "borrowing" riffs from musicians who have real talent, rappers dupe fans into thinking what they're doing is fresh and innovative! Luckily, their gullible audience never realizes the reason they like the songs so much now is because they're the same songs they liked so much ten years ago!

T

Teeny Boppers

They're ignorant! They're annoying! They're fawning, screaming, extremely bothersome pre-pubescent girls who elevate no-talents to superstardom! Yes, they're teeny boppers! And here's a little-known fact: rock stars love teeny boppers as much as Teeny Boppers love rock stars! After all, who else would be dumb enough to buy an official *New Kids On The Block* Glass Eye or a *Boyz II Men* Electric Water Pik!

U

U.S.A.

When rock stars lose their direction and fans, they have but one thing to do to get it all back...become blindly patriotic, flag-waving schmucks! By putting the words "U.S.A." or "America" into the titles of their songs, washed-up rockers win the hearts of ignorant fans who don't realize the song's lyrics actually call for the overthrow of the President and his cabinet!

V

Video Leeching

For rock stars who hunger to be "taken seriously," there is no surer method of making critics and fans believe they're astute social commentators than by splicing lots of old TV newsreels into their videos. The Kennedys, Martin Luther King and Joe DiMaggio are perennial favorites. True, most rock fans haven't the vaguest notion who these buggers are, but they are nonetheless impressed by the grainy black and white footage!

W

Warning Labels

For years many concerned parent groups insisted that rock albums bear warning labels—and with good reason. How else would they then know why to lobby for the complete outlawing of an album: because its lyrics condone "anti-Christian" behavior, such as holding hands on the first date, or because its songs recommend mowing down their state's governor with a Jeep Cherokee? It's providing important information like this that proves the music business is socially responsible!

X

X-Rated Videos

There's no more efficient way for a rocker to gain notoriety and financial independence than by making a sexually explicit video. Self-appointed do-gooders will instantly pressure MTV and other networks into banning its broadcast, leaving the "beleaguered artiste" but one choice: to hawk the video to their horny fans at \$19.95 a pop!

Only in America!

Y

Yes-Men

Also known as lackeys, parasites and spineless sycophants, Yes-Men nonetheless play an essential role in the rock world: mainly to stroke their boss's fragile ego and praise their every lamebrain, trite and hackneyed idea as "a stroke of genius!" Think of it! Without Yes-Men on his payroll, Elvis never would have been allowed to balloon up to 900 pounds and woof down bottles of amphetamines like bags of buttered popcorn!

Z

Zither

This enchanting 30 to 40 stringed instrument played with pick and finger often—oops! Sorry, no rock star we've ever heard of would be caught dead with a zither! Our mistake! Look for this gag in our upcoming ABC's Of Bavarian Chamber Music...

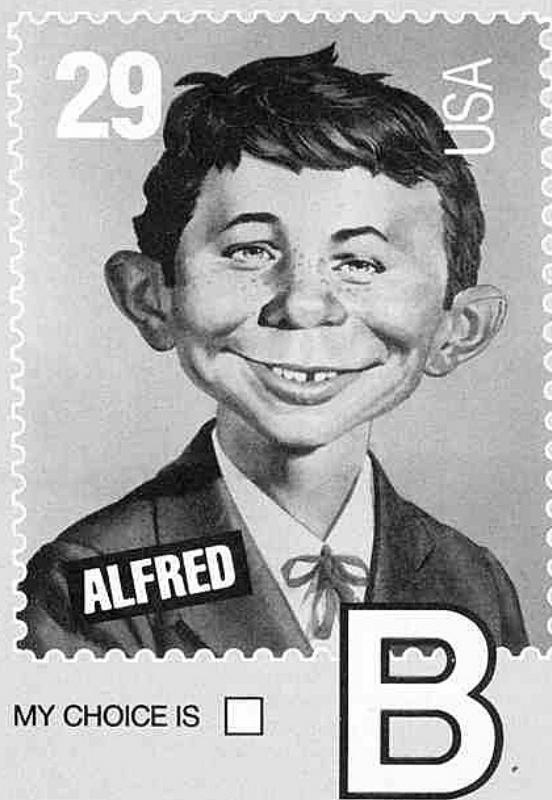
NOT!

OFFICIAL BALLOT

Decide which Alfred is King.



MY CHOICE IS



MY CHOICE IS

If this ballot is gone, send a postcard with your vote to:

Alfred Poll, Department SCHMUCK,
485 MADison Ave., New York, NY 10022.

Of course, if this ballot is gone, you won't be able to read this, so it's kind of a moot point, isn't it?

WHAT'S THE ONLY
WAY FOR TODAY'S
YOUTH TO INSURE
THEIR FINANCIAL
STABILITY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

To find out how young people today are securing their lives, simply fold page as shown in the diagram to the right.

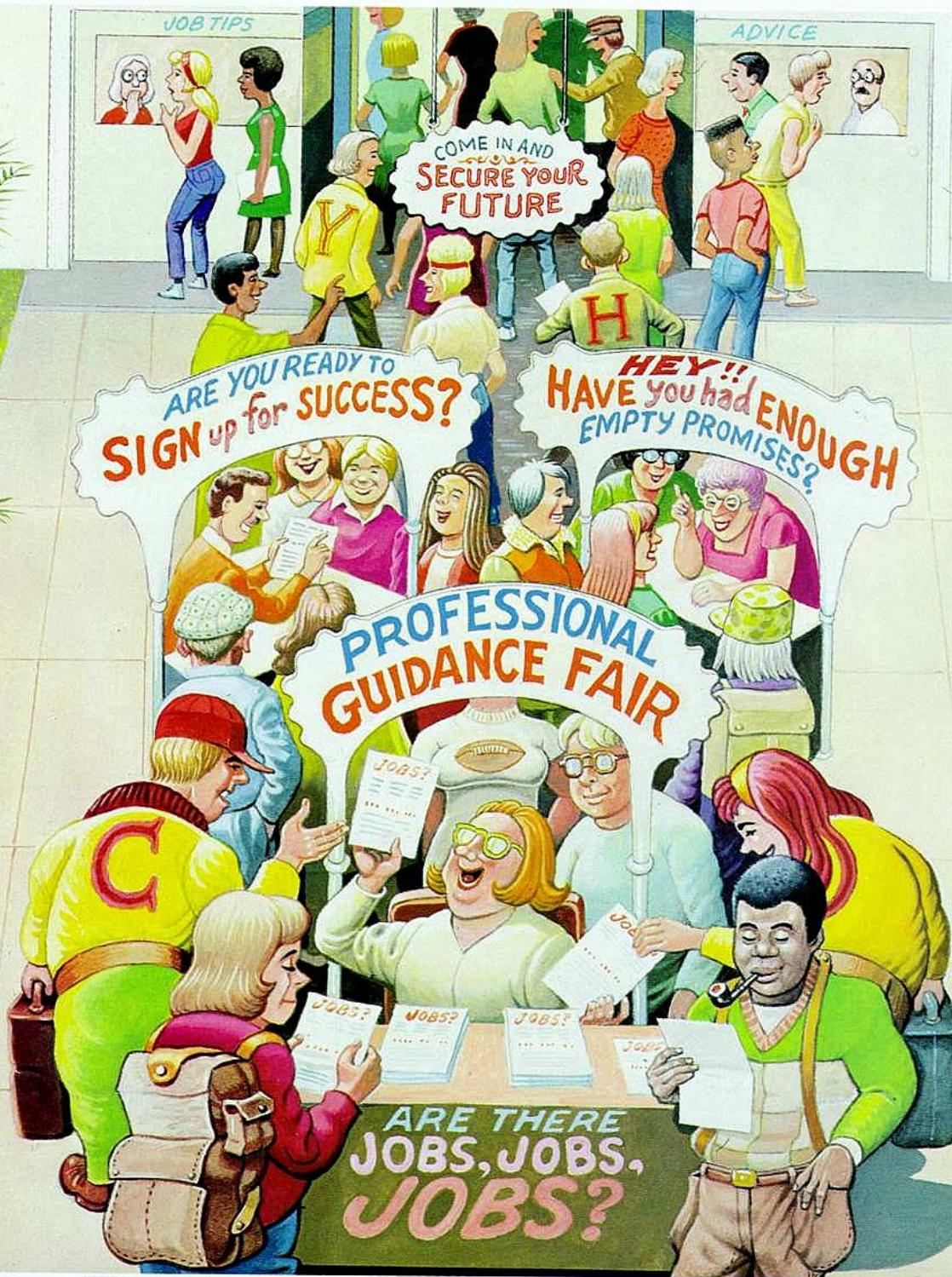


FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ►

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



MORE AND MORE OF TODAY'S YOUNG PEOPLE ARE HAVING
BASIC JOB PROBLEMS. MANY OF THEM MUST PICK
HIGHLY PRACTICAL WAYS TO LIVE ON A LOW INCOME

A ►

◀ B

ATV AD WE'D LIKE TO SEE

